

TRANSFORMERS

HOLIDAY SPECIAL



IDW

TRANSFORMERS

CHOOSE ME

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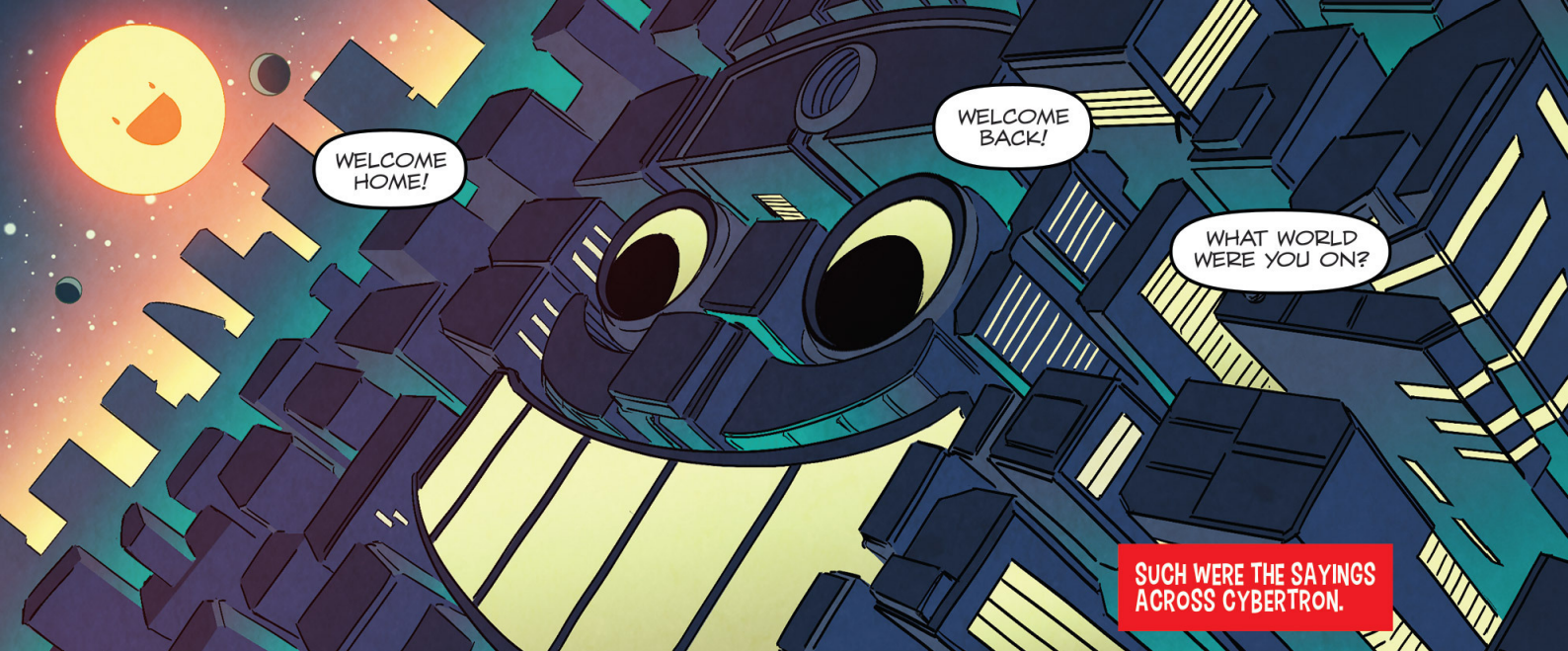
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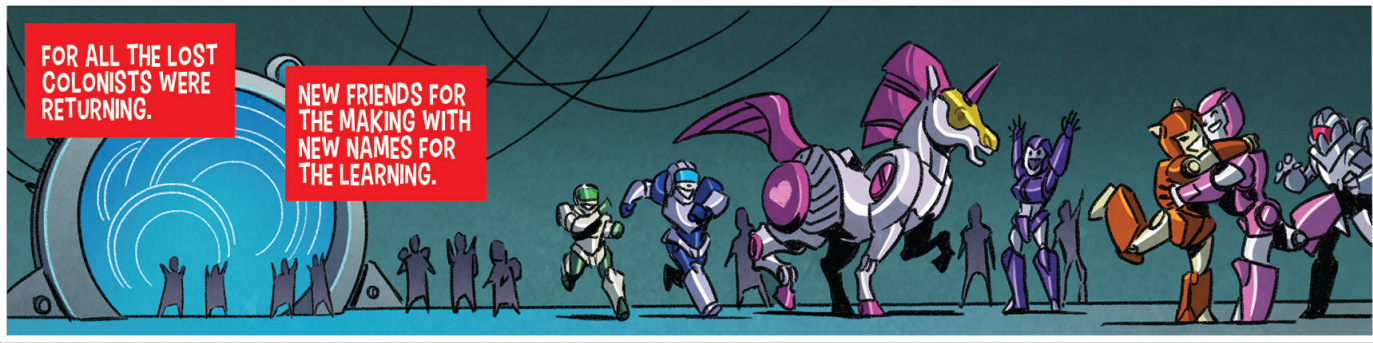


WELCOME HOME!

WELCOME BACK!

WHAT WORLD WERE YOU ON?

SUCH WERE THE SAYINGS ACROSS CYBERTRON.



FOR ALL THE LOST COLONISTS WERE RETURNING.

NEW FRIENDS FOR THE MAKING WITH NEW NAMES FOR THE LEARNING.



THE QUICK VELOCITRONIANS NO ONE COULD BEAT.



THE LITTLE DEVISENS ALL WANTED TO MEET.



THE EUKARIANS, THE CAMIENS, THE CARCERIAN CREW... ALL GATHERED IN IACON FOR A "HOW DO YOU DO"

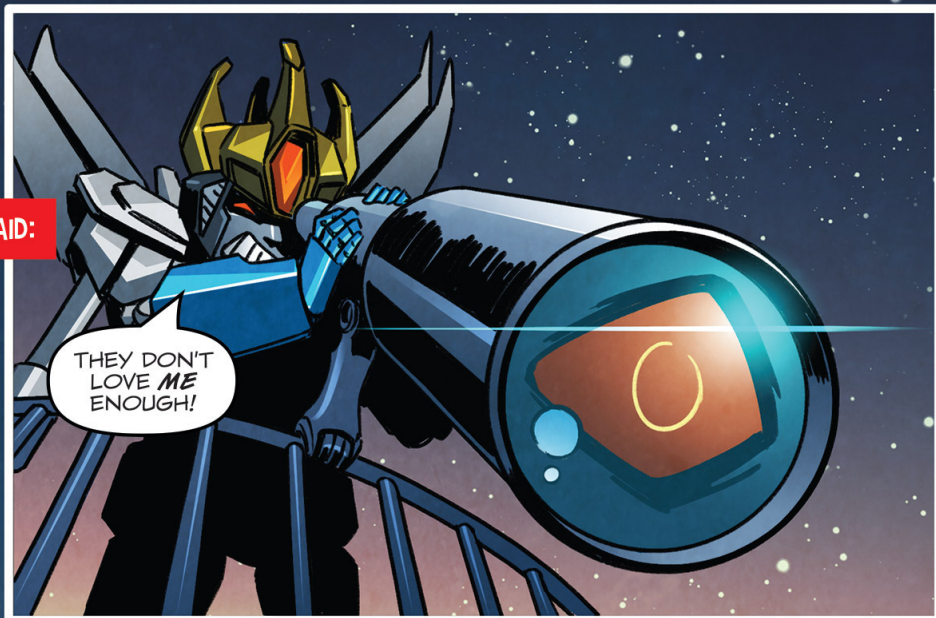


AND EVEN THE SURLIEST 'CON COULD AGREE.

THE CITY'S MUCH NICER NOW, EVEN FOR ME.

BUT ALL THIS GOOD WILL
DREW ONE GIANT HUFF...

...FROM STARSCREAM, WHO SAID:



DEAD BUMBLEBEE SAID THAT
IF STARSCREAM WERE KINDER
MORE PEOPLE WOULD LIKE
HIM WITHOUT A REMINDER.

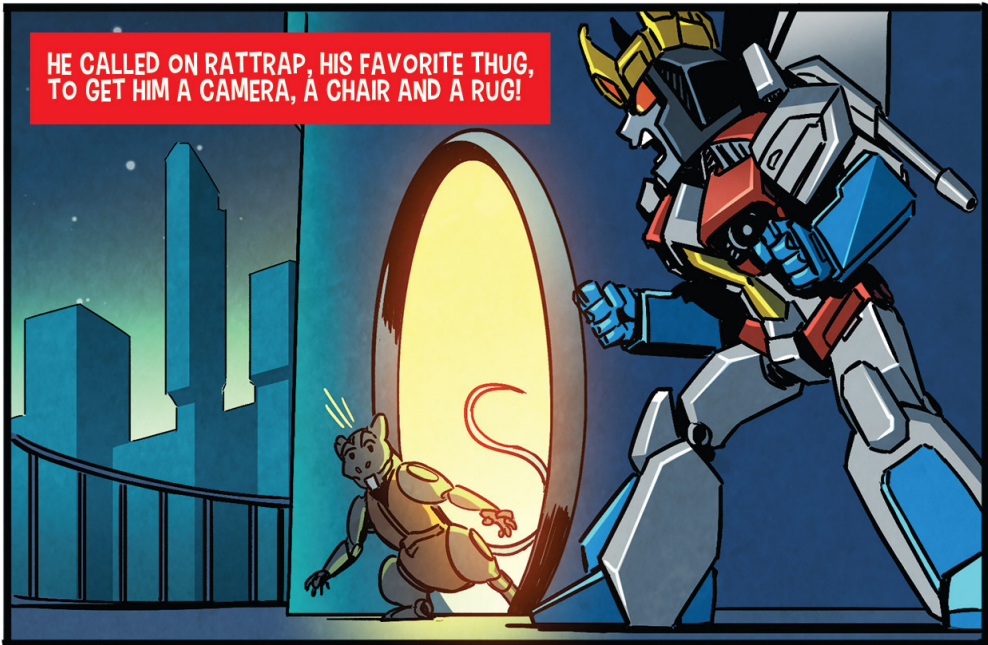


CHOOSE ME

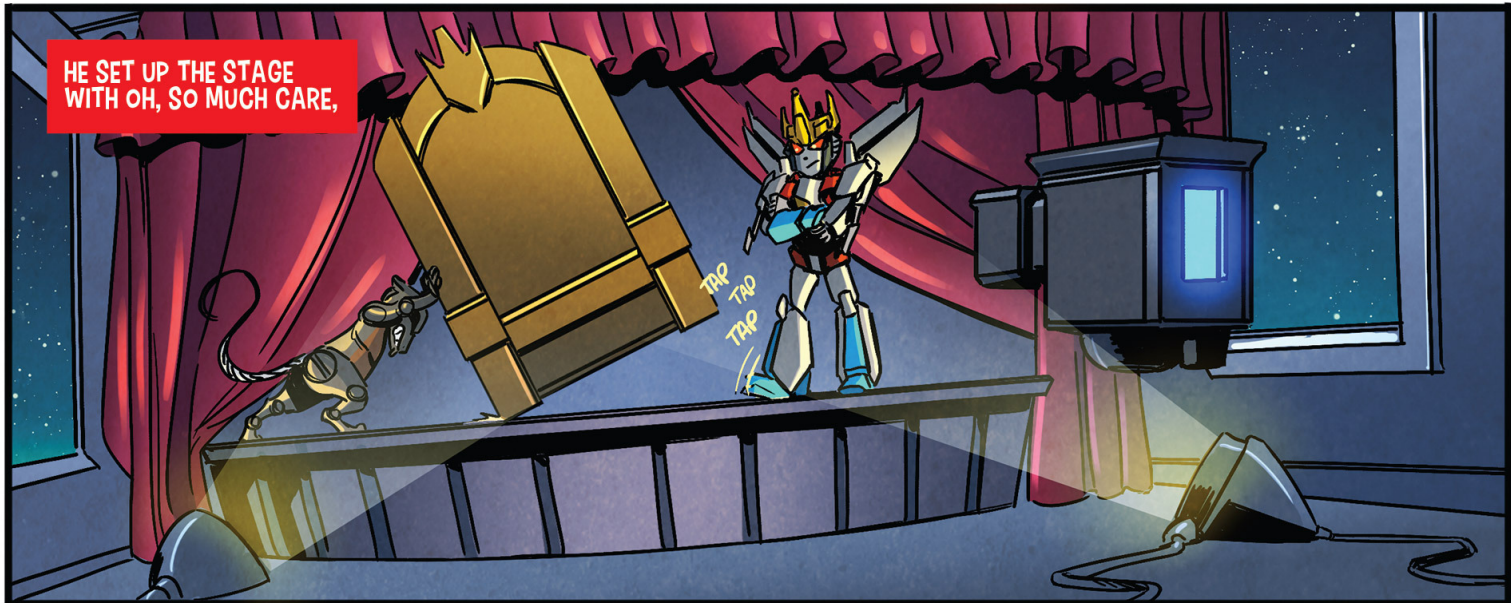


BUT STARScream PUT ON HIS STARScream-iest GRIN.

HE'D REALIZED A WAY HE COULD FINALLY WIN.

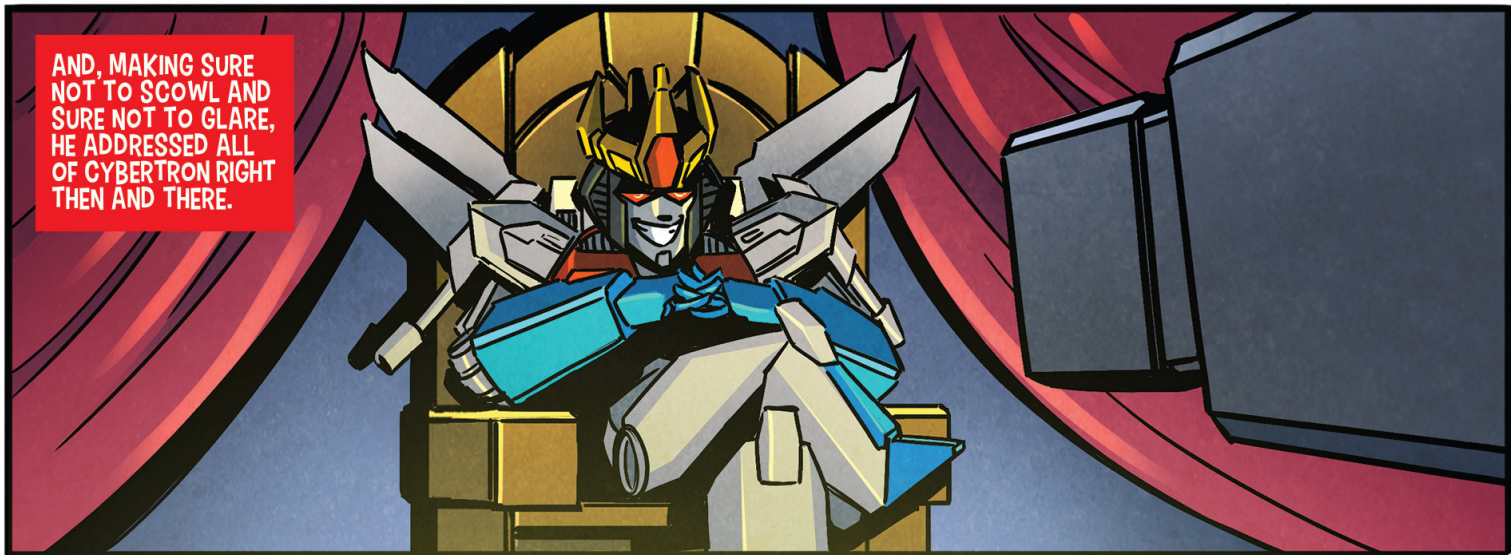


HE CALLED ON RATTRAP, HIS FAVORITE THUG, TO GET HIM A CAMERA, A CHAIR AND A RUG!



HE SET UP THE STAGE WITH OH, SO MUCH CARE,

TAP
TAP
TAP



AND, MAKING SURE NOT TO SCOWL AND SURE NOT TO GLARE, HE ADDRESSED ALL OF CYBERTRON RIGHT THEN AND THERE.

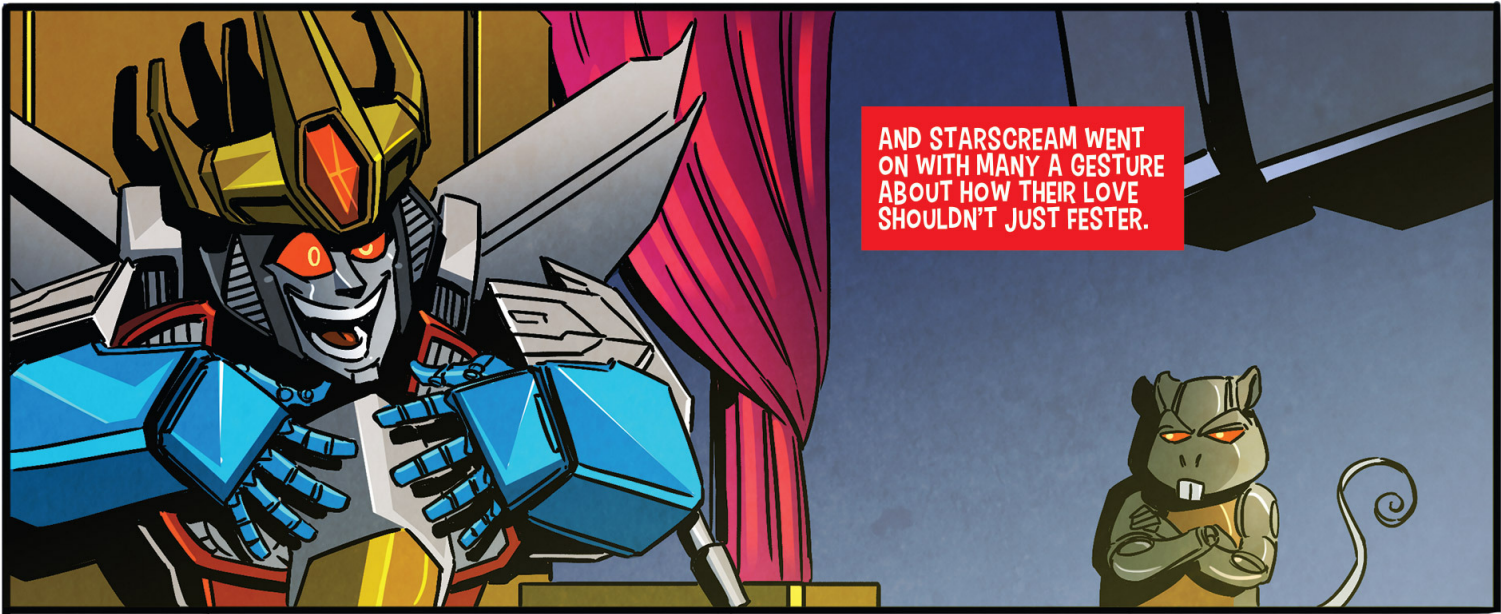


PEOPLE OF CYBERTRON! HEAR WHAT I SAY!

GET READY TO SHOUT OUT HIP HIP HOORAY!

FOR I BRING YOU NEWS OF A NEW HOLIDAY!

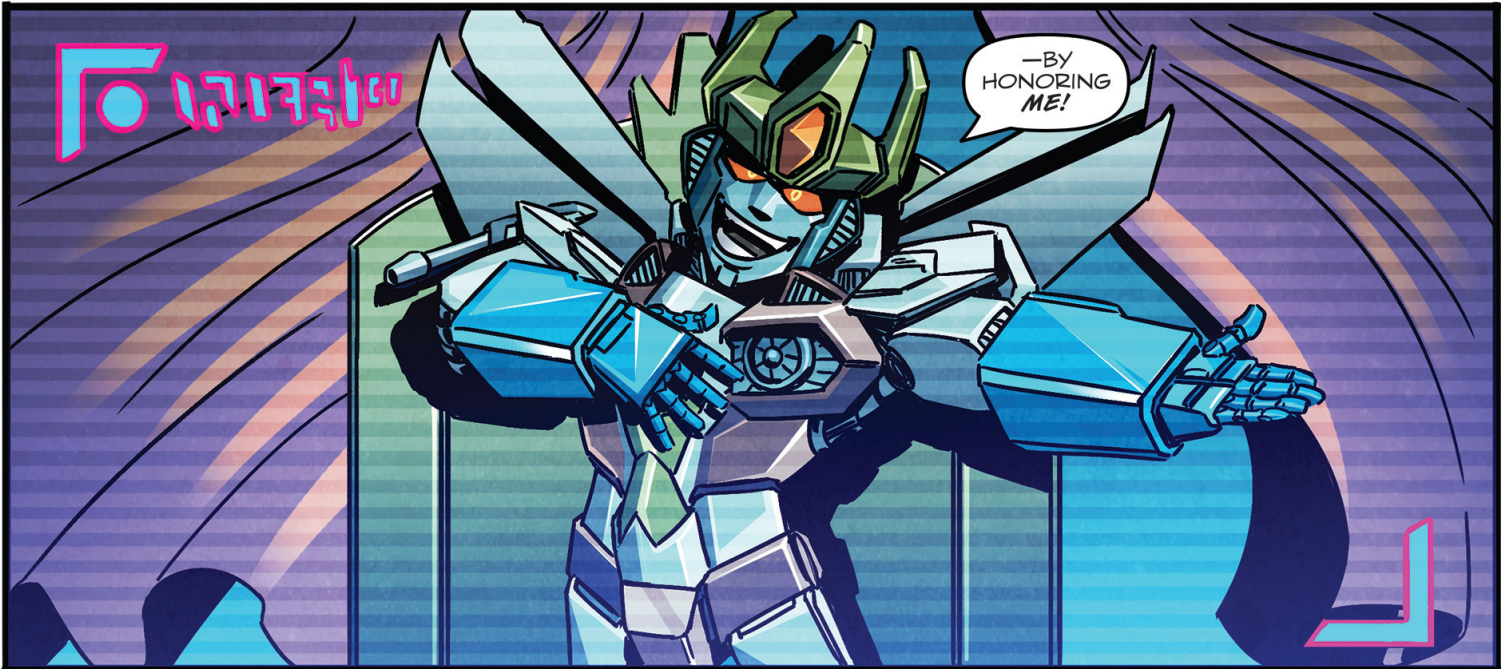
TOMORROW'S OFFICIALLY CHOSEN ONE DAY!



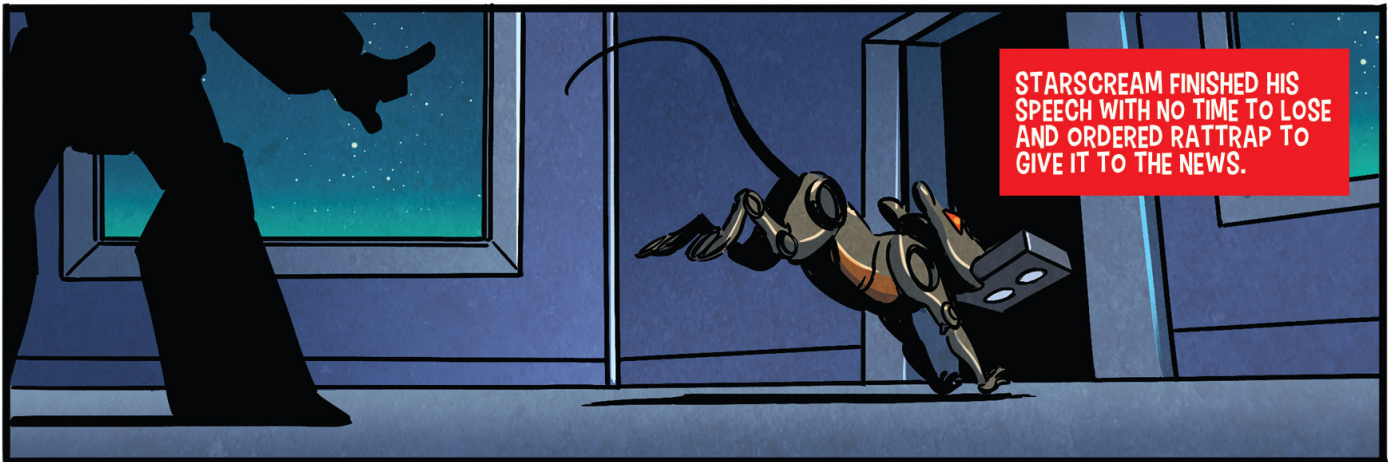
AND STARScream WENT ON WITH MANY A GESTURE ABOUT HOW THEIR LOVE SHOULDN'T JUST FESTER.



CYBERTRONIANS, COLONISTS, 'BOTS, 'CONS AND OTHERS SHOULD THINK OF THEMSELVES AS SISTERS AND BROTHERS AND EXPRESS ALL THE LOVE THAT THEY FELT FOR EACH OTHER WITH SONGS AND WITH GIFTS, WITH ABANDON AND GLEE. THEY SHOULD HONOR EACH OTHER—

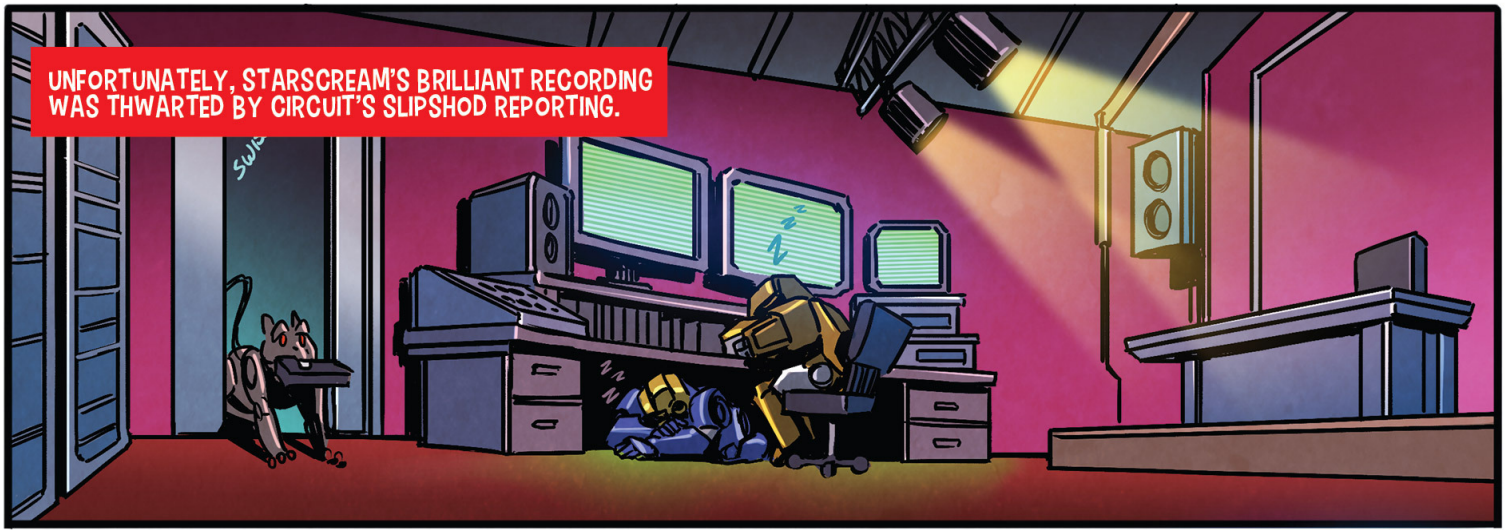


—BY HONORING ME!

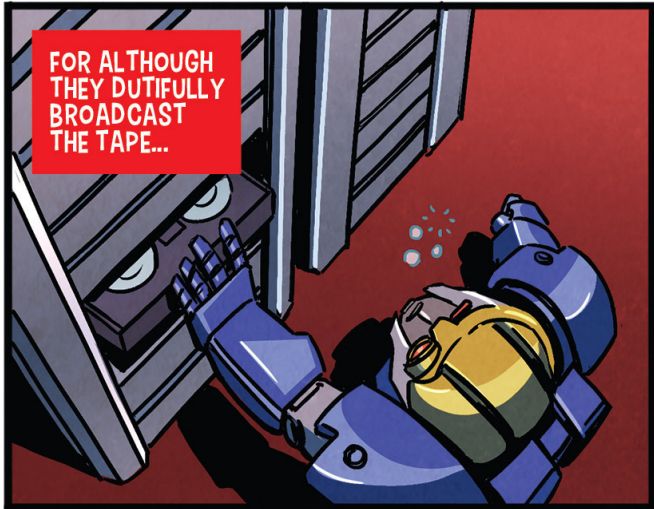


STARScream FINISHED HIS SPEECH WITH NO TIME TO LOSE AND ORDERED RATTRAP TO GIVE IT TO THE NEWS.

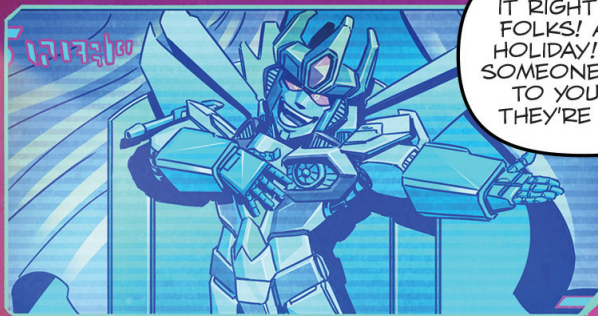
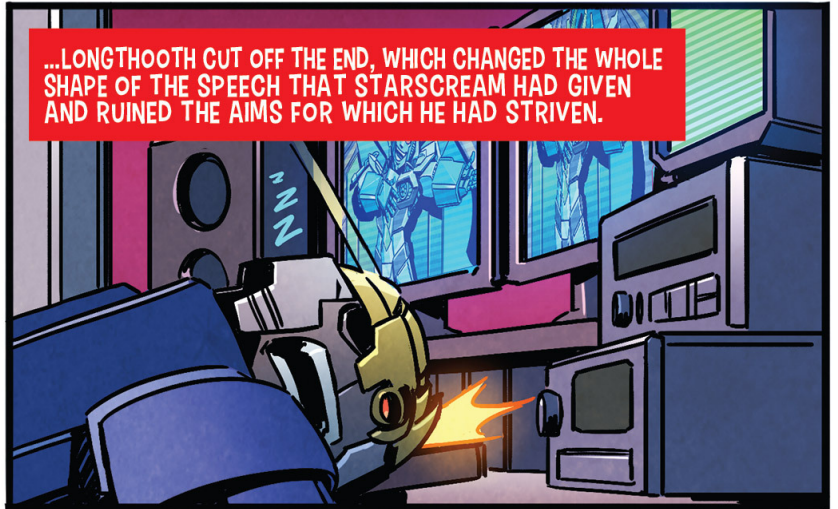
UNFORTUNATELY, STARScream's BRILLIANT RECORDING WAS THWARTED BY CIRCUIT's SLIPSHOD REPORTING.



FOR ALTHOUGH THEY DUTIFULLY BROADCAST THE TAPE...



...LONGTOOTH CUT OFF THE END, WHICH CHANGED THE WHOLE SHAPE OF THE SPEECH THAT STARScream HAD GIVEN AND RUINED THE AIMS FOR WHICH HE HAD STRIVEN.



YOU HAVE IT RIGHT HERE, FOLKS! A NEW HOLIDAY! SHOW SOMEONE CLOSE TO YOU WHY THEY'RE OKAY.

BE THEY CO-WORKER, FRIEND OR CONJUX ENDURA SHOW WHY YOU CARE WITH AUGUST BRAVURA!*



*IT'S A WORD, TRUST ME.

STARScream WAS LIVID—

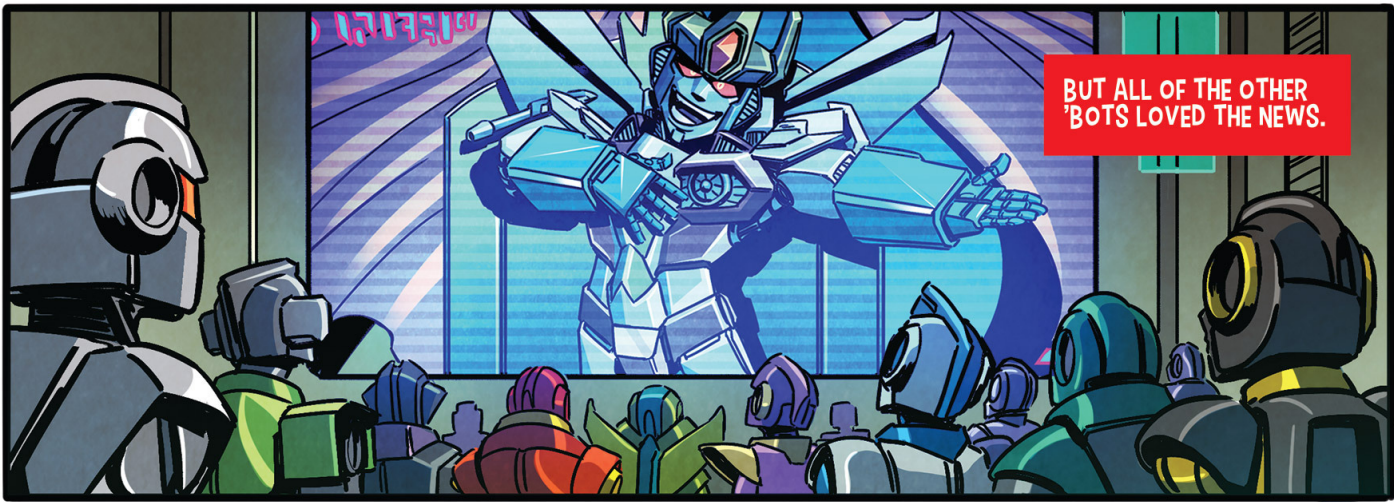


THAT CIRCUIT'S AN APE! THAT'S NOT WHAT I SAID! HE CUT OFF MY TAPE!

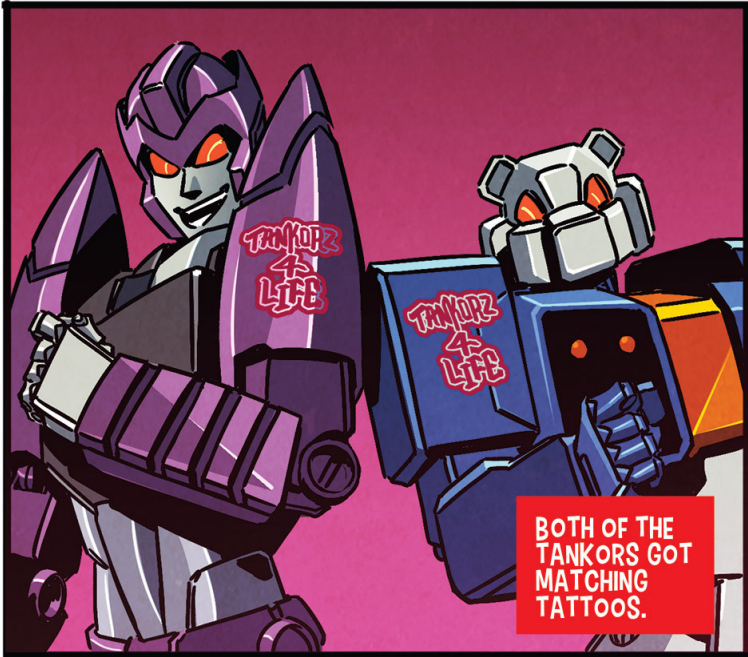
AND STARScream BEMOANED THAT THE CITIZENRY WOULD BE NICE TO EACH OTHER—



—INSTEAD OF TO ME!



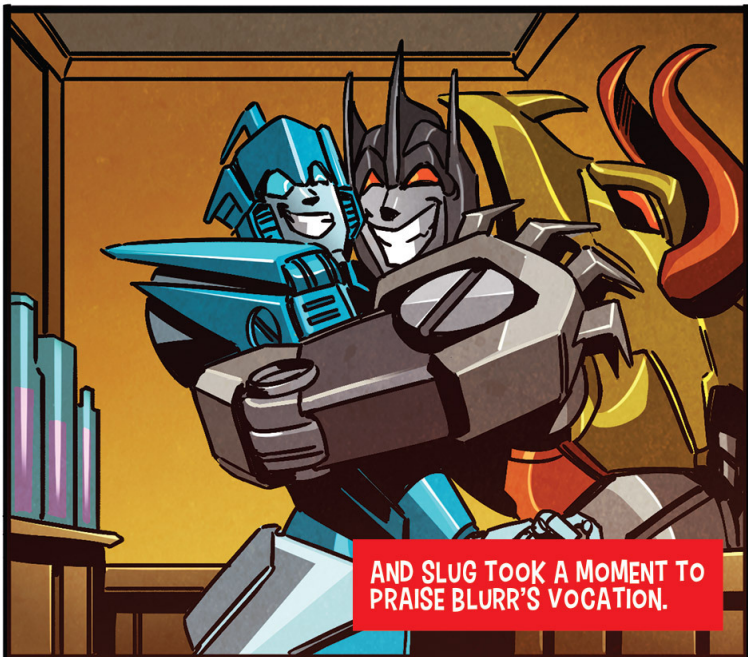
BUT ALL OF THE OTHER 'BOTS LOVED THE NEWS.



BOTH OF THE TANKORS GOT MATCHING TATTOOS.



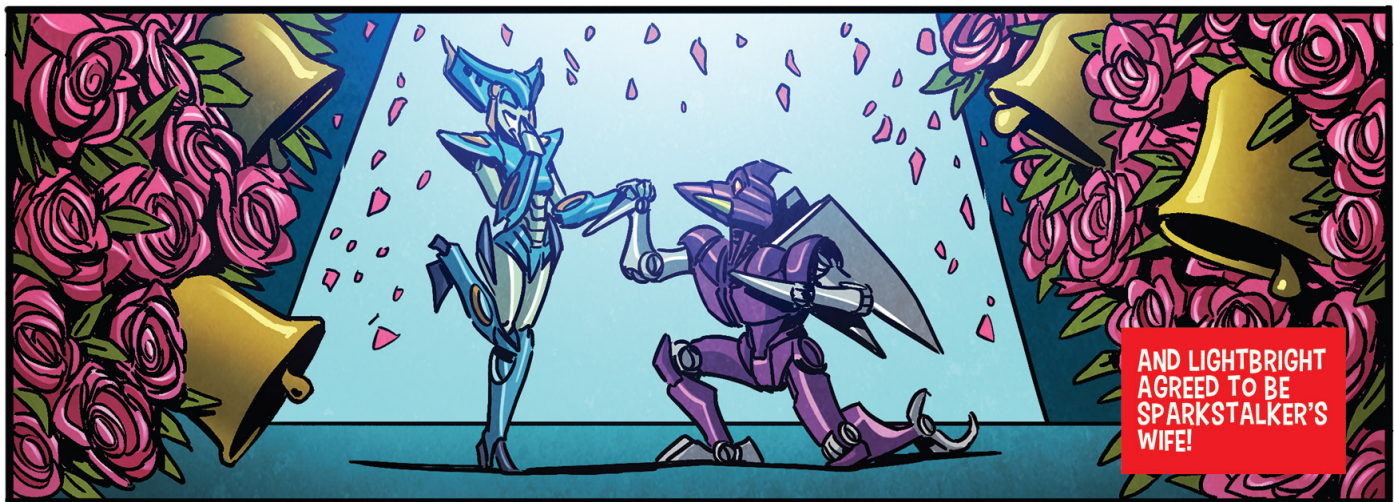
KNOCK OUT AND HIS CONJUX WENT ON VACATION.



AND SLUG TOOK A MOMENT TO PRAISE BLURR'S VOCATION.

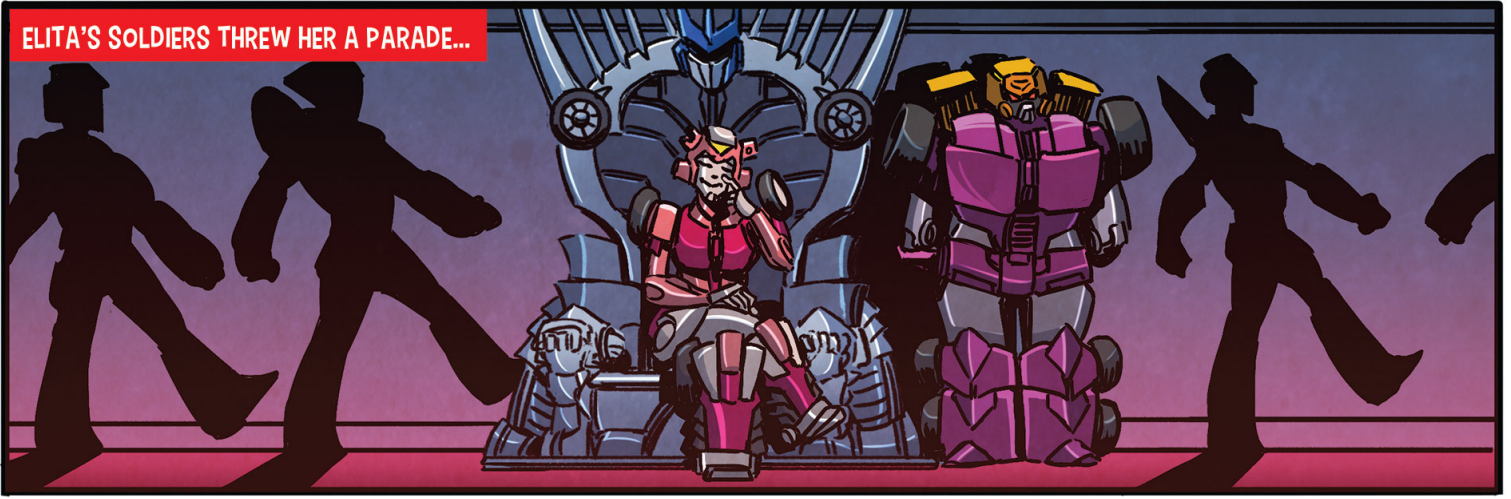


WINDBLADE THANKED CHROMIA FOR SAVING HER LIFE.



AND LIGHTBRIGHT AGREED TO BE SPARKSTALKER'S WIFE!

ELITA'S SOLDIERS THREW HER A PARADE...



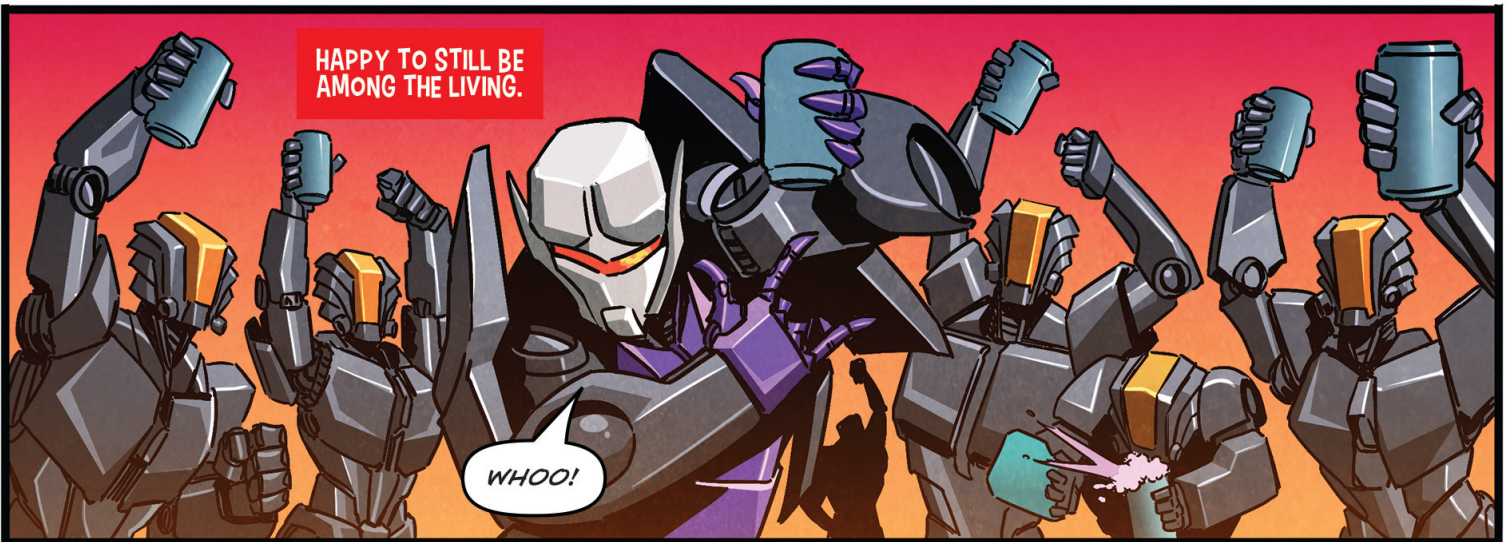
...AND HIS TEAMMATES BOUGHT
ONSLAUGHT A BRAND NEW GRENADE!



YES, EVERYONE WAS IN
THE SPIRIT OF GIVING.



HAPPY TO STILL BE
AMONG THE LIVING.



AND EVERYONE
GOT INTO THE
SPIRIT OF FUN

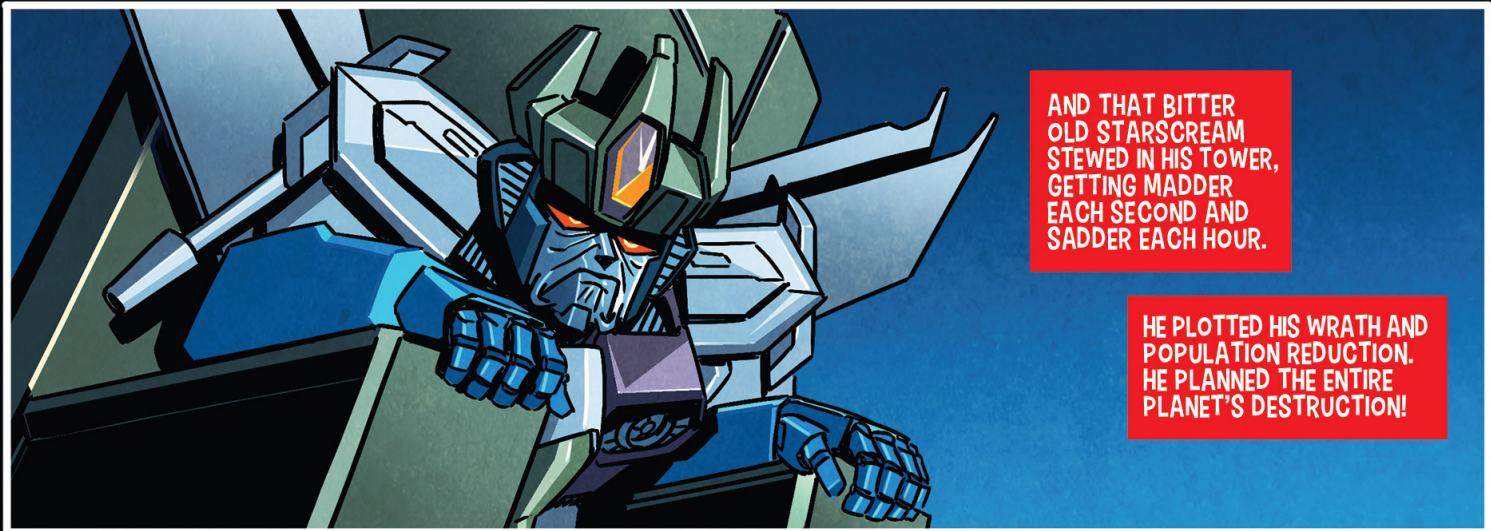




WELL, EVERYONE...
EXCEPT ONE.

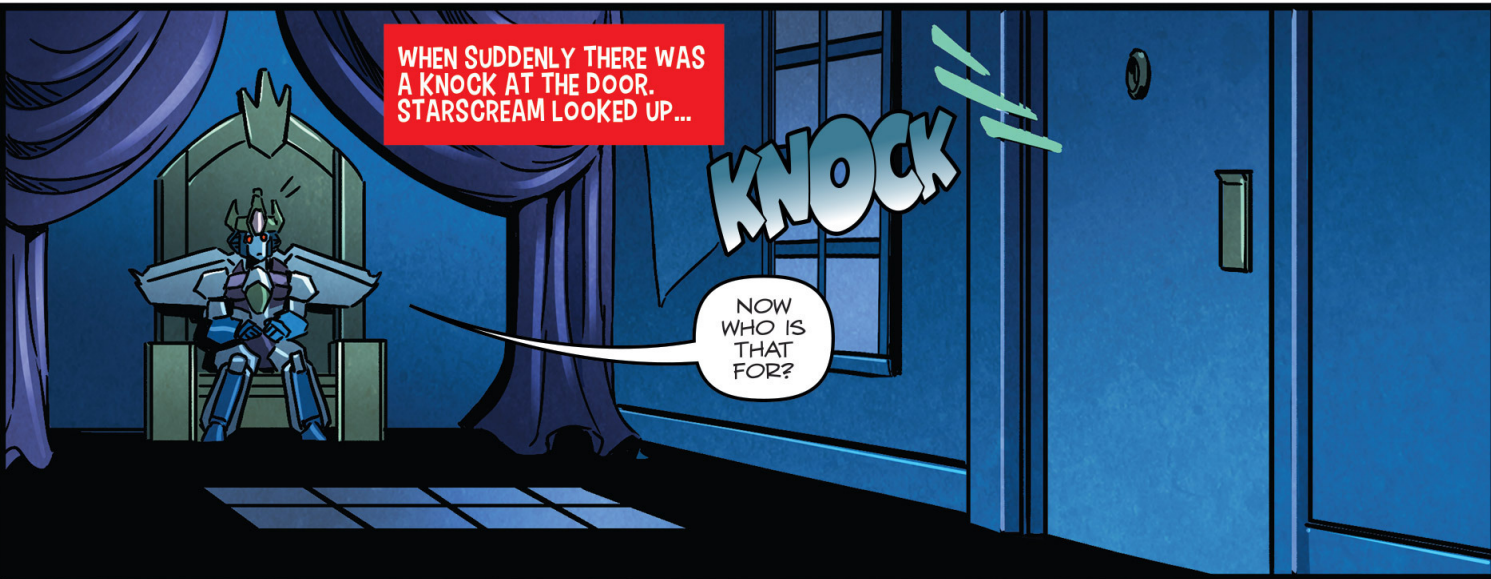


FOR EVEN AS CHOSEN
DAY CAME TO AN END
NO ONE HAD YET CALLED
STARSCREAM A FRIEND.



AND THAT BITTER
OLD STARSCREAM
STEWED IN HIS TOWER,
GETTING MADDER
EACH SECOND AND
SADDER EACH HOUR.

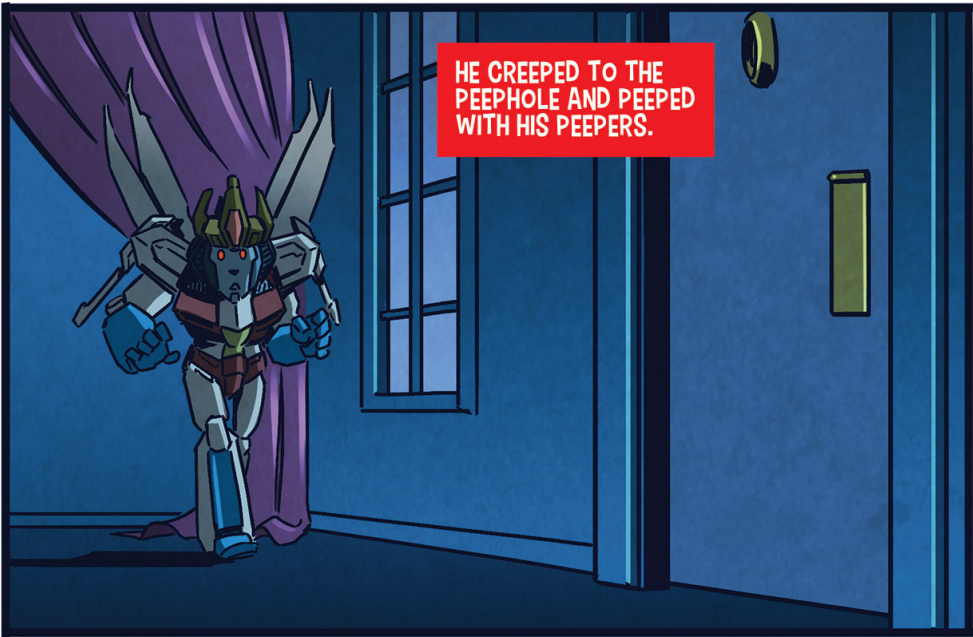
HE PLOTTED HIS WRATH AND
POPULATION REDUCTION.
HE PLANNED THE ENTIRE
PLANET'S DESTRUCTION!



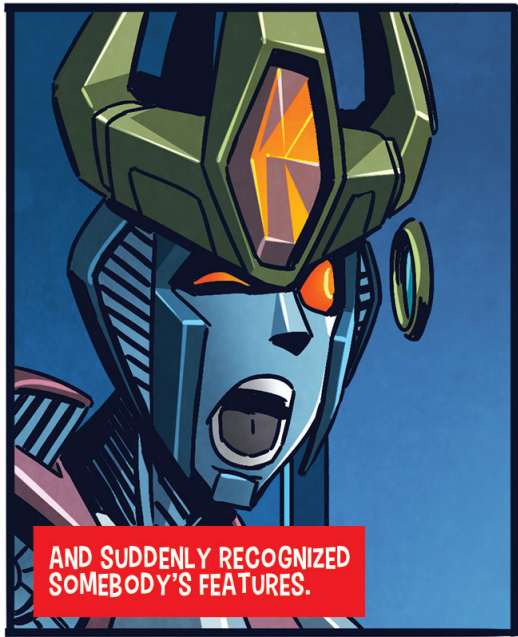
WHEN SUDDENLY THERE WAS
A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.
STARSCREAM LOOKED UP...

KNOCK

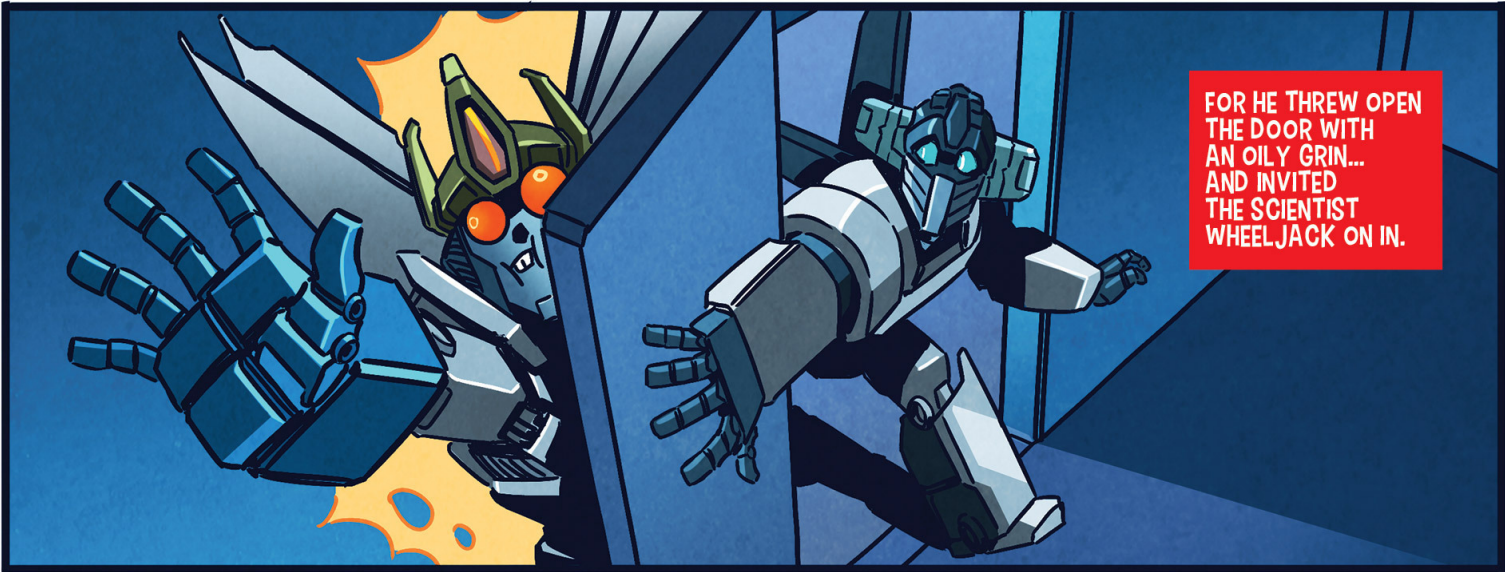
NOW
WHO IS
THAT
FOR?



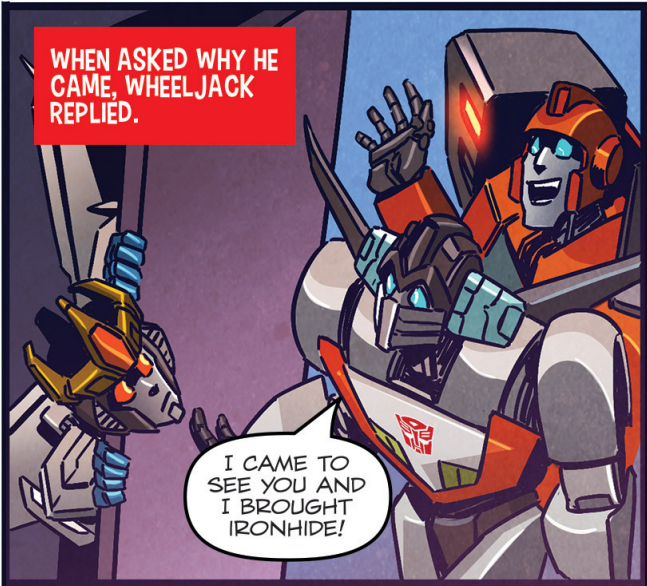
HE CREEPED TO THE PEEPHOLE AND PEEPED WITH HIS PEEPERS.



AND SUDDENLY RECOGNIZED SOMEBODY'S FEATURES.



FOR HE THREW OPEN THE DOOR WITH AN OILY GRIN... AND INVITED THE SCIENTIST WHEELJACK ON IN.



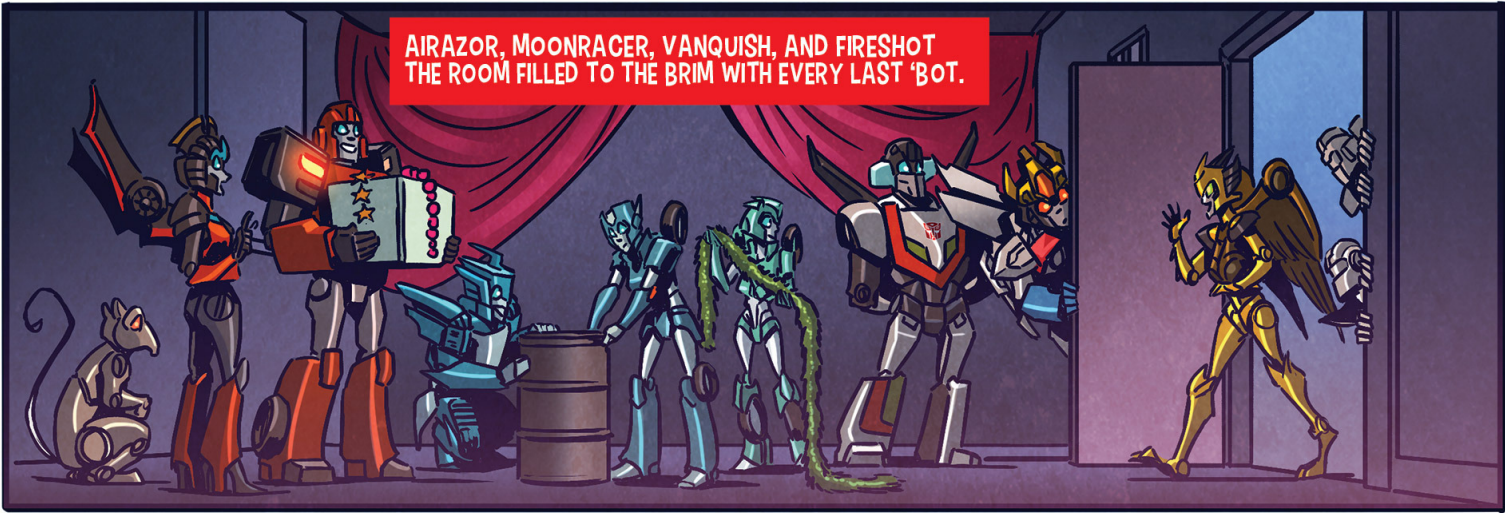
WHEN ASKED WHY HE CAME, WHEELJACK REPLIED.

I CAME TO SEE YOU AND I BROUGHT IRONHIDE!



I BROUGHT ALONG WINDBLADE AND GOOD OLD RATTRAP.

AND BEHIND THEM CAME BLURR WITH ENGEX ON TAP.



AIRAZOR, MOONRACER, VANQUISH, AND FIRESHOT THE ROOM FILLED TO THE BRIM WITH EVERY LAST 'BOT.

WITH A
TINKLING OF
GLASSES,
WHEELJACK
CALLED A
TOAST,



TO
STARSCREAM!
FOR NOT
CHOOSING TO
BOAST!

HE GAVE US
A DAY TO BE
THANKFUL
AND HAPPY.

ARE ALL OF
HIS SPEECHES
REALLY THIS
SAPPY?

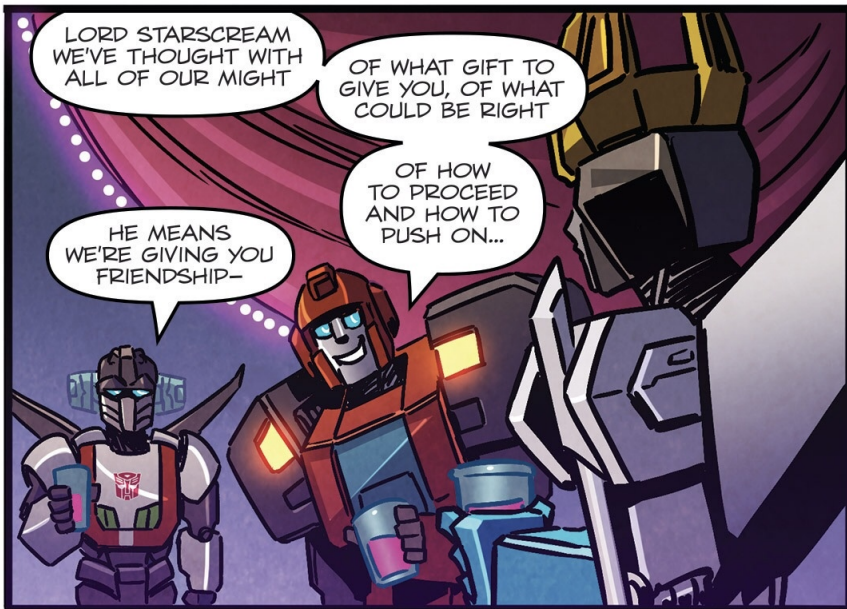


LORD STARSCREAM
WE'VE THOUGHT WITH
ALL OF OUR MIGHT

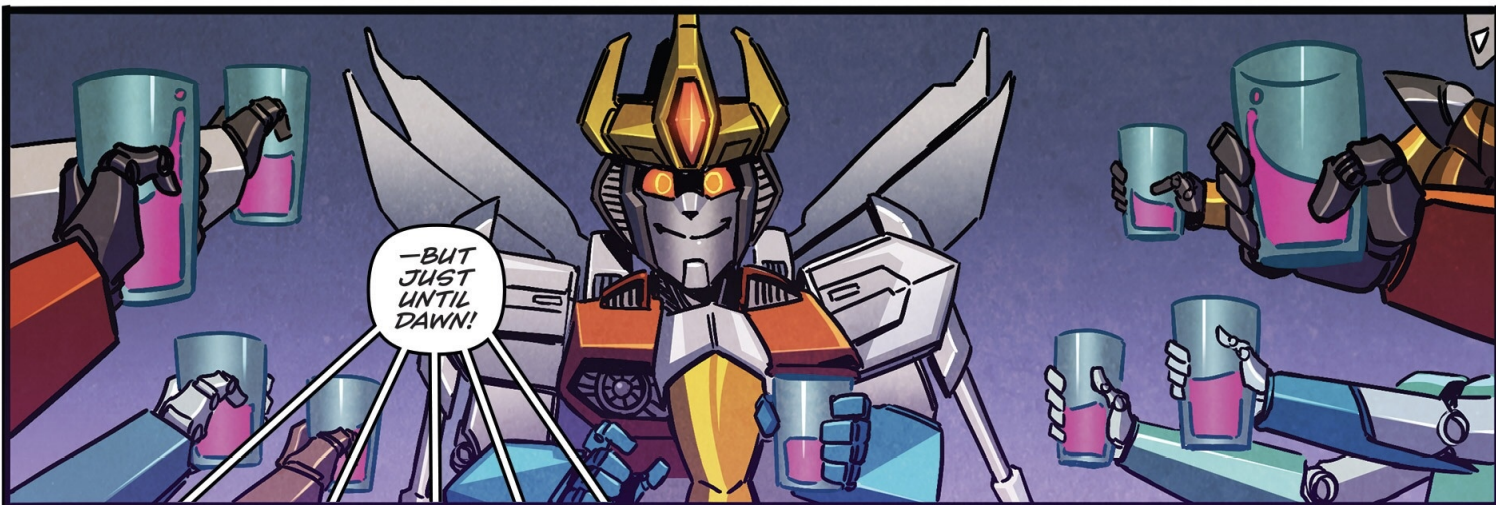
OF WHAT GIFT TO
GIVE YOU, OF WHAT
COULD BE RIGHT

OF HOW
TO PROCEED
AND HOW TO
PUSH ON...

HE MEANS
WE'RE GIVING YOU
FRIENDSHIP-



-BUT
JUST
UNTIL
DAWN!



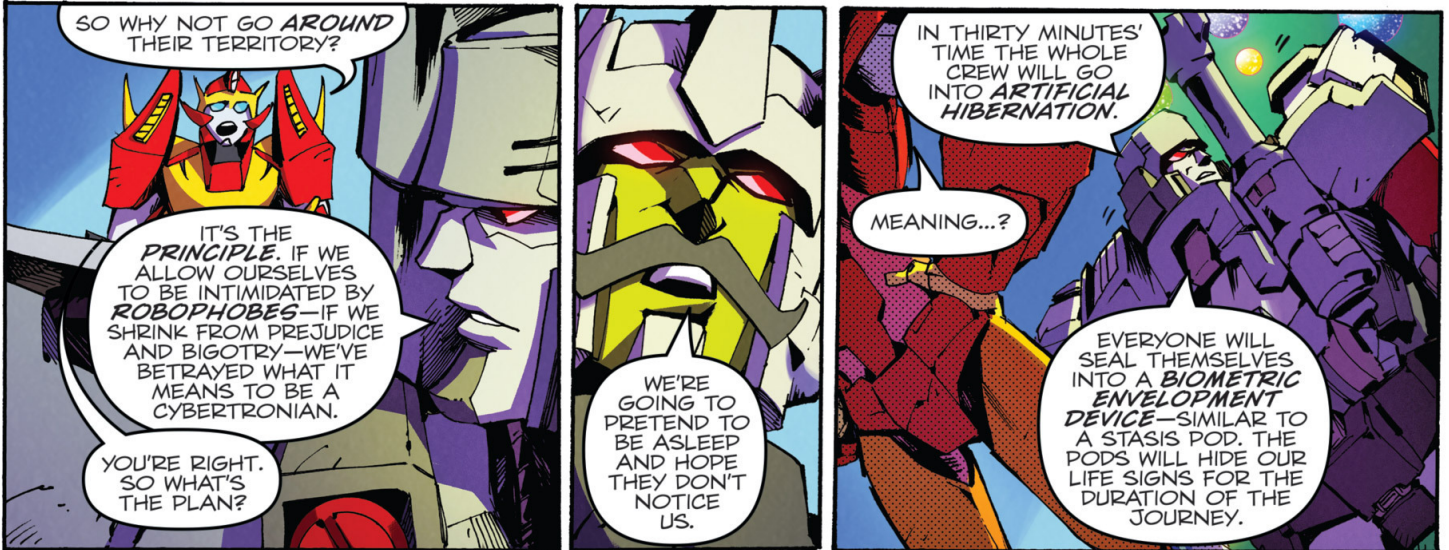
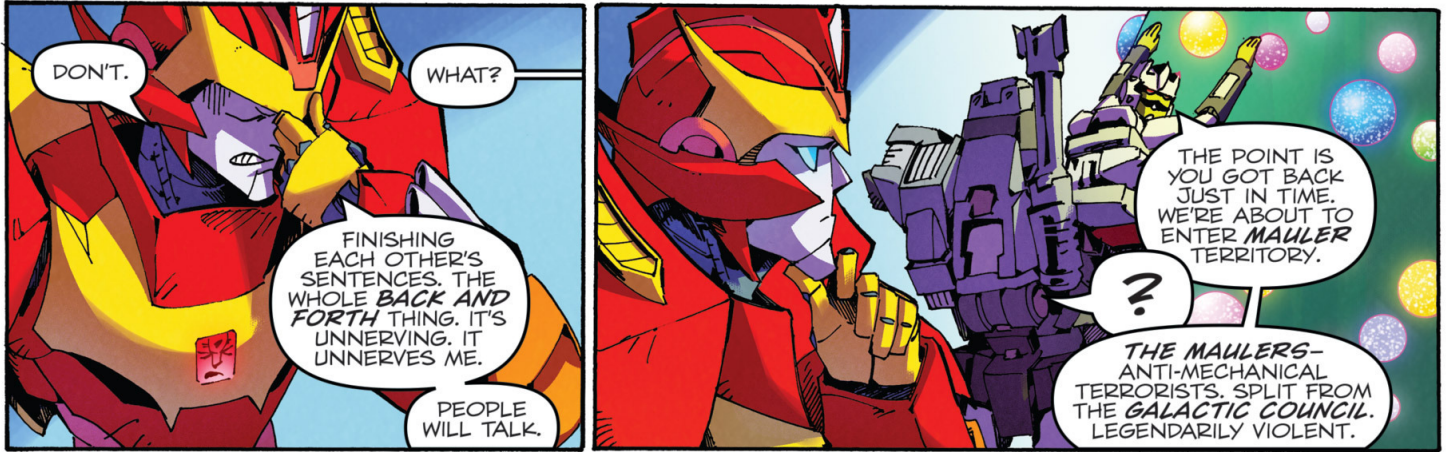
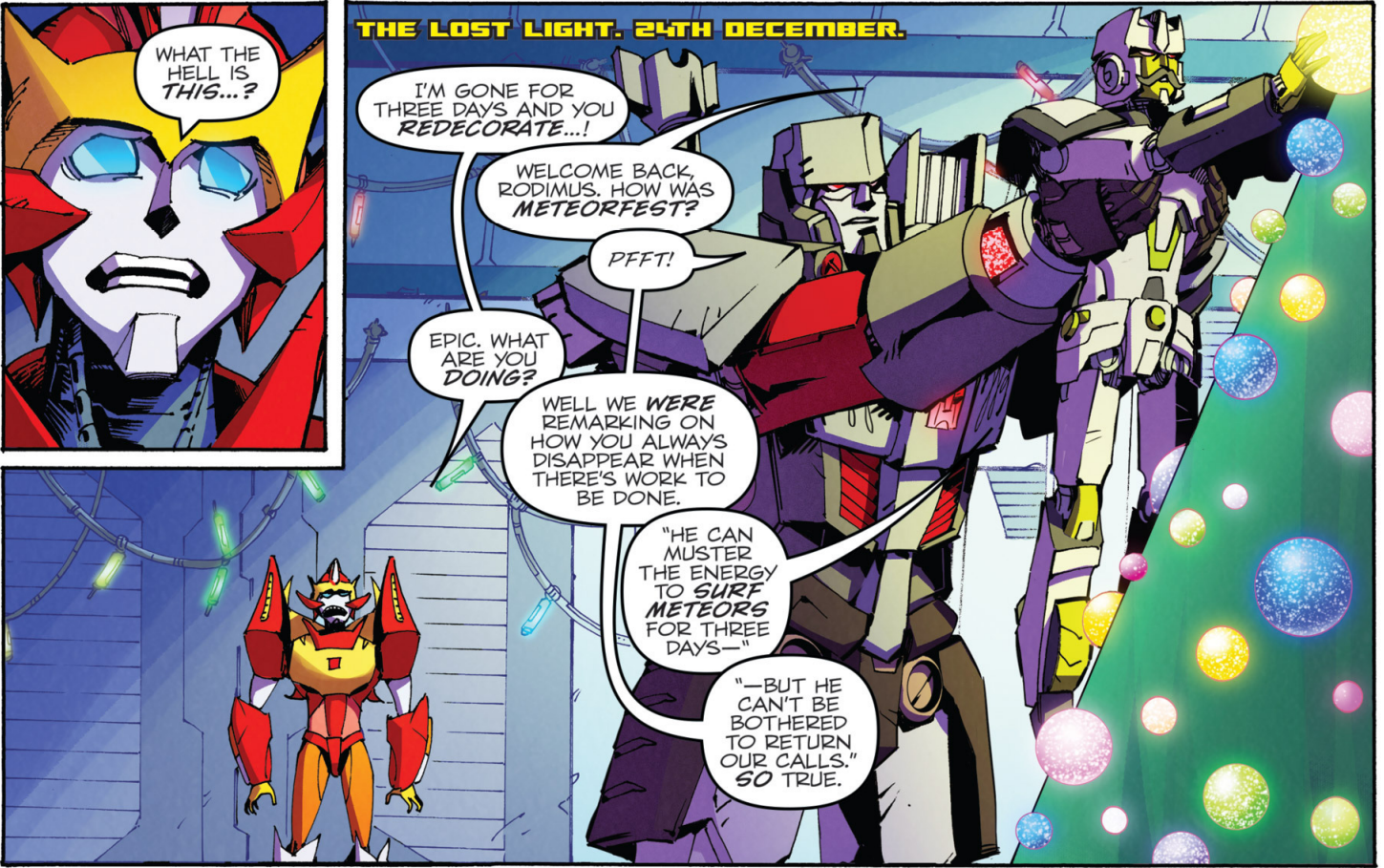
AND TRUE TO THEIR WORD,
STARSCREAM WAS GIVEN
ALL OF THE LOVE FOR
WHICH HE HAD STRIVEN.

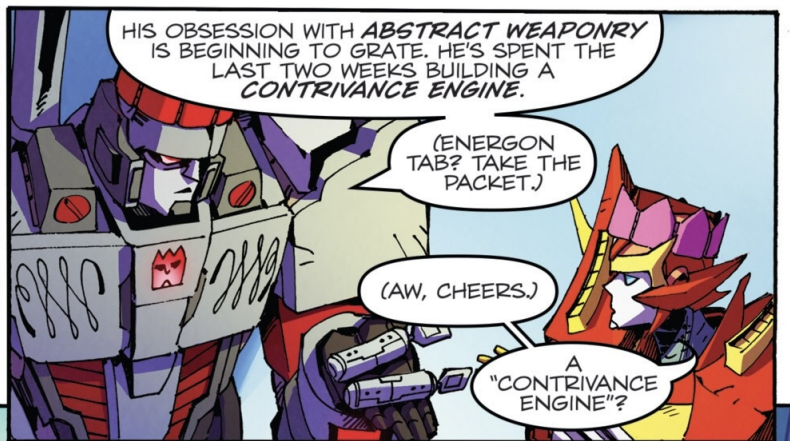
AND THEY SAY
THAT HIS SPARK, IT
SHONE SO BRIGHT.
HE SWORE NOT TO
DESTROY THEM...

...AT
LEAST NOT
TONIGHT.

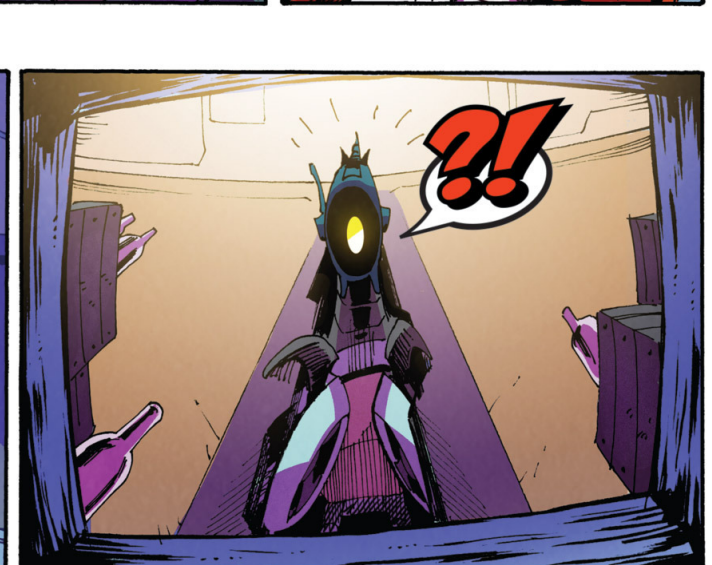
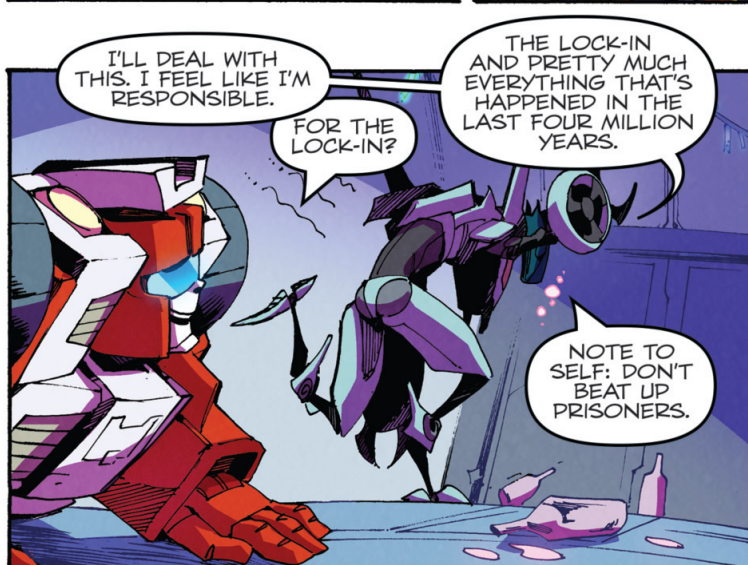
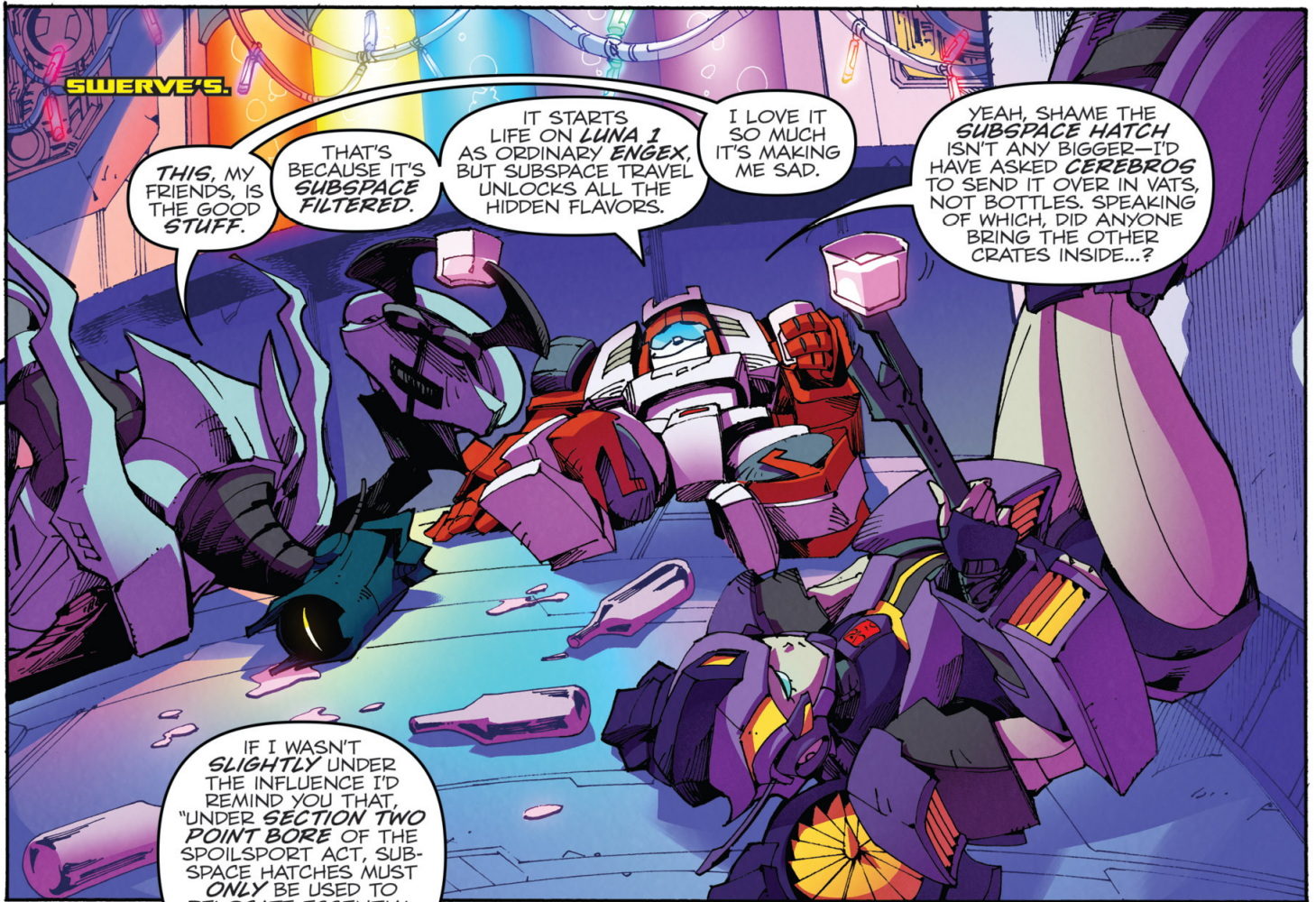
HAPPY HOLIDAYS FROM CYBERTRON!



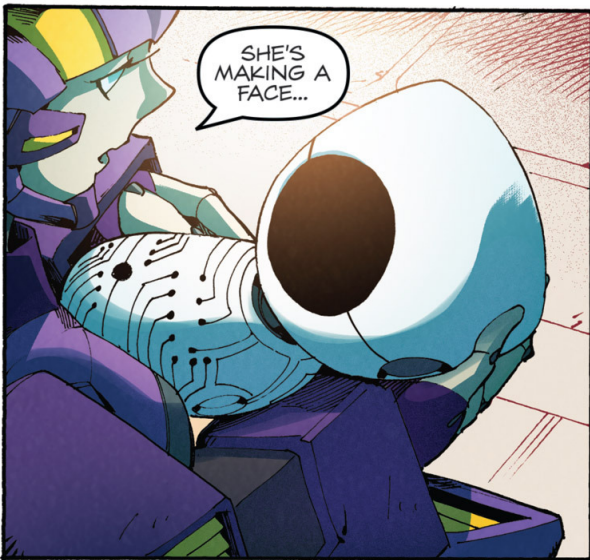
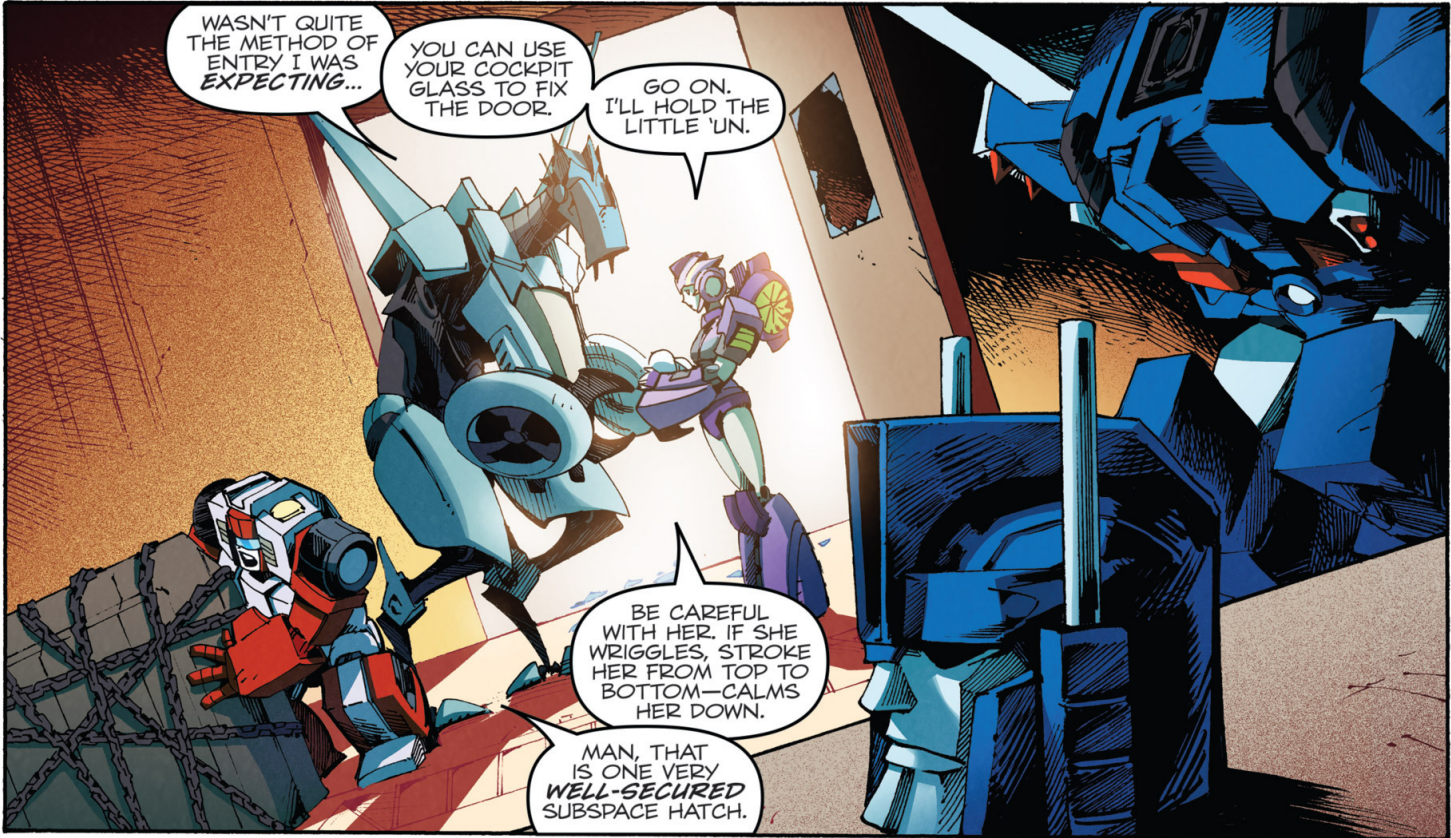
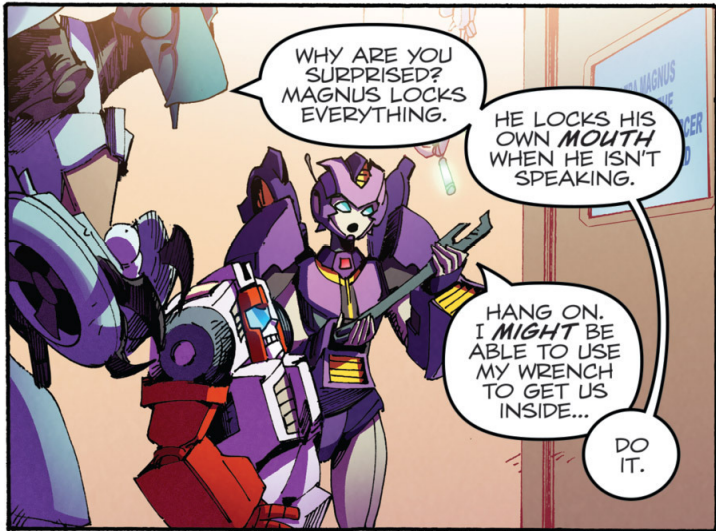


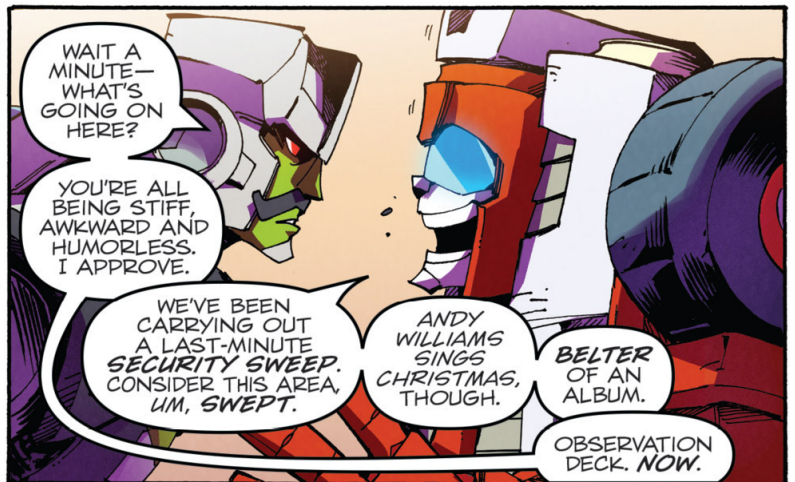
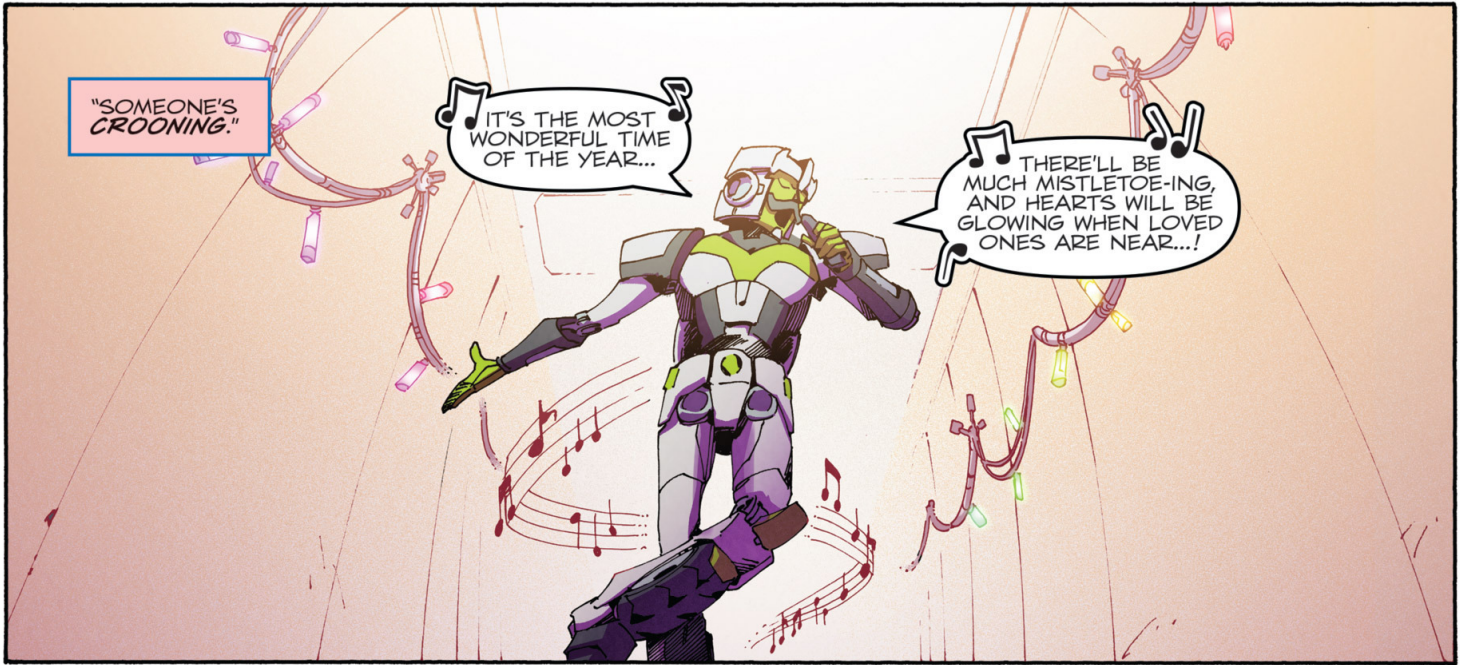


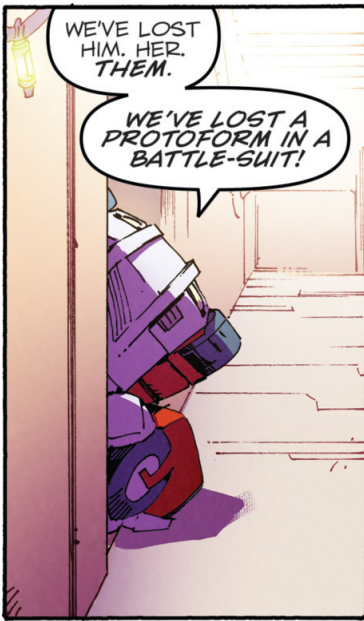
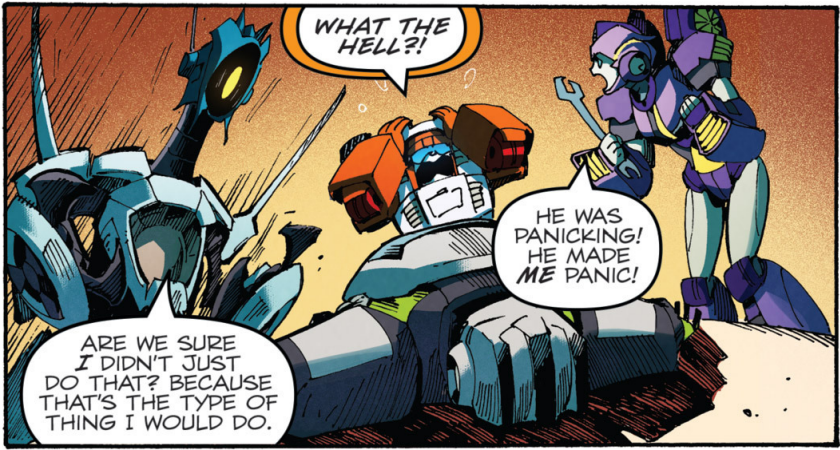
SILENT LIGHT













"...IT CAN'T GET ANY WORSE."

FIVE MINUTES, EVERYONE.

ANYONE *NOT* PREPARING TO HIBERNATE WILL BE EJECTED FROM THE SHIP.

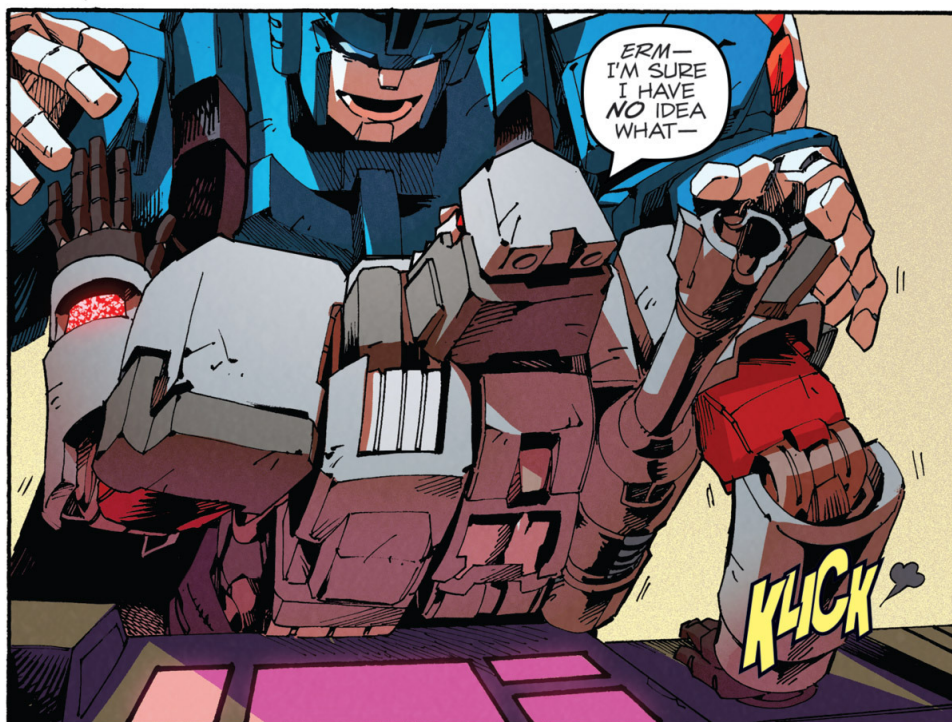
GRRK!



ULTRA MAGNUS. YOU STARTLED ME.

SWWP!

ONE LAST SWEEP OF THE SHIP, EH? VERY CONSCIENTIOUS. BUT THERE'S ONLY THE TWO OF US LEFT, I CAN ASSURE YOU.



ERM— I'M SURE I HAVE *NO* IDEA WHAT—

KLICK



—YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, ULTRA MAGNUS, BUT I'VE NEVER GIVEN ANYONE A HUG IN MY LIFE.

I KNEW IT.

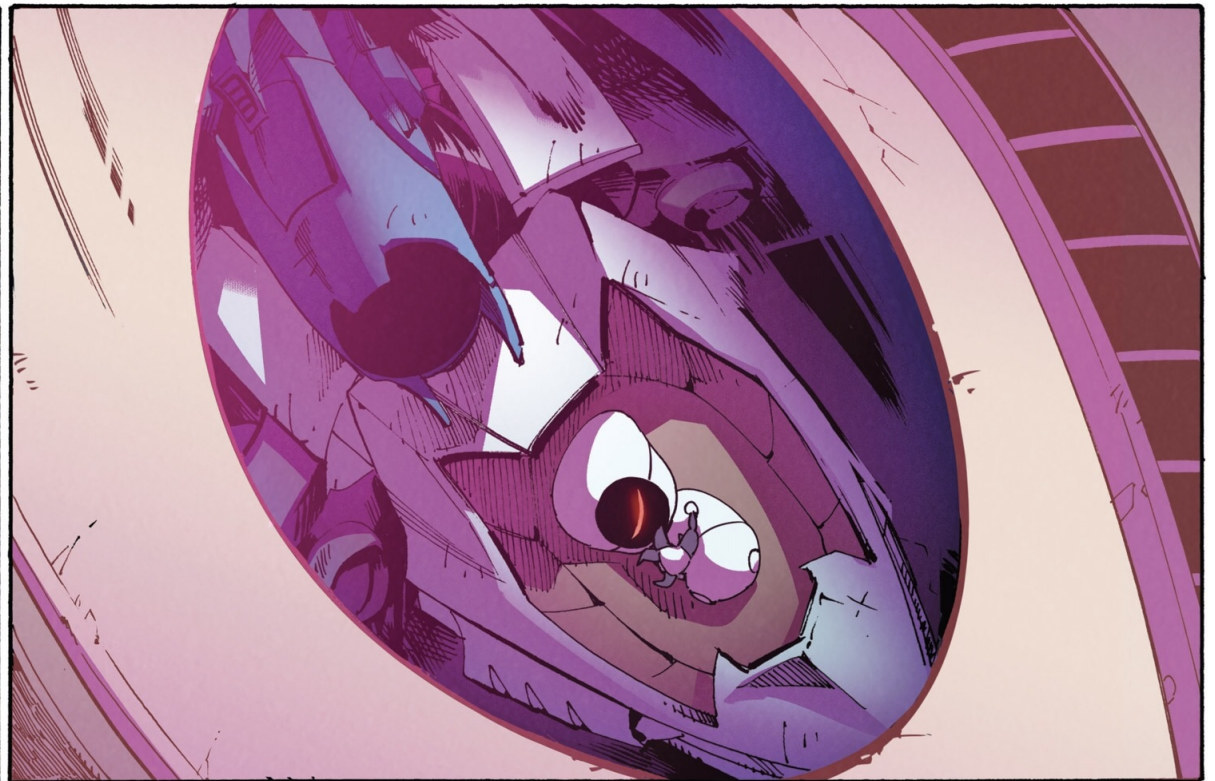
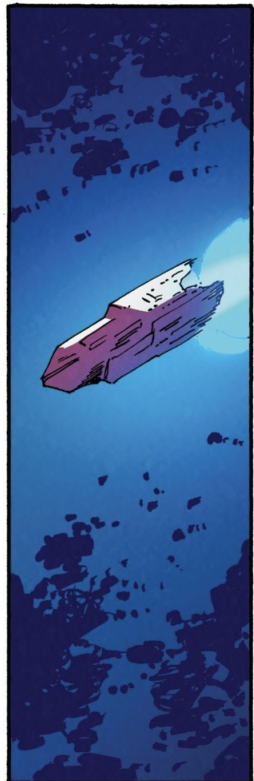
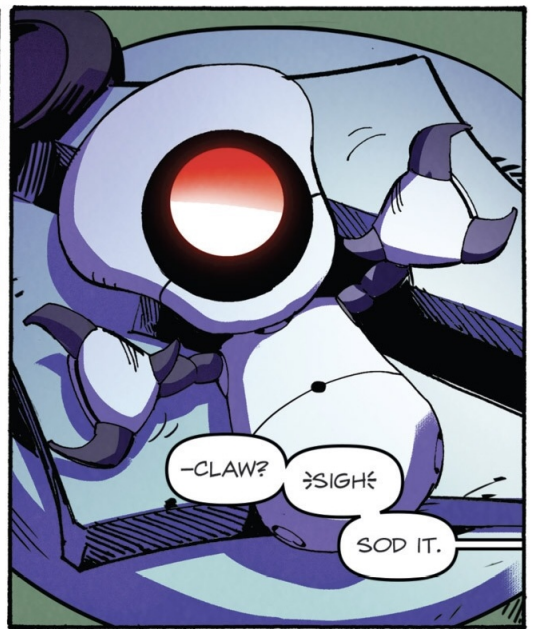
THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING! YOU'RE A *SOLITARY INDIVIDUAL* AND YOU GET *LOVELY*— I CAN EMPATHISE— BUT NOW IS *NOT* THE TIME!

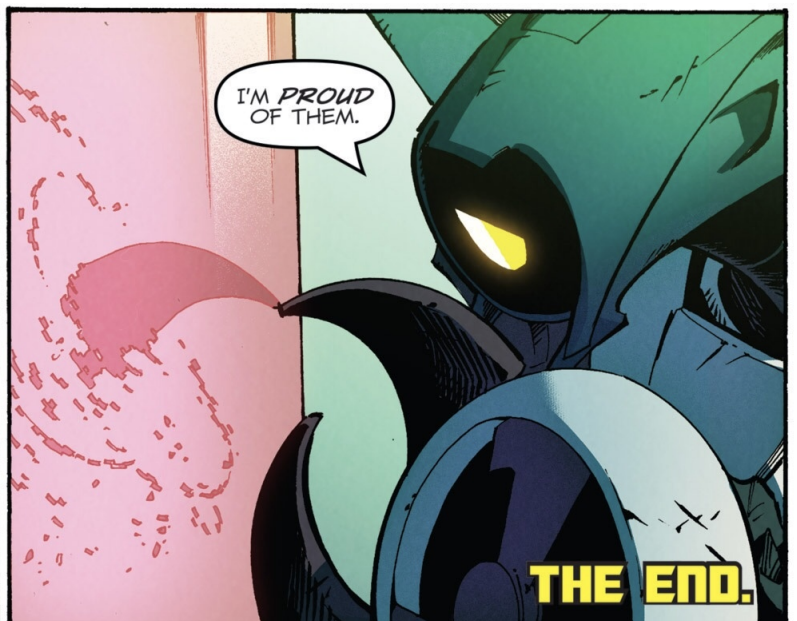
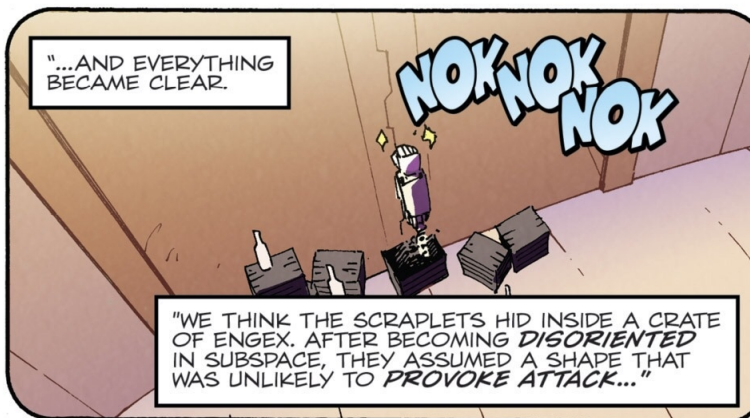
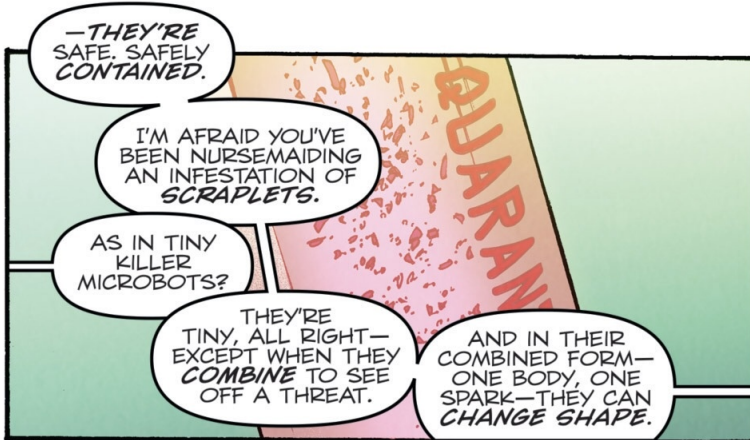
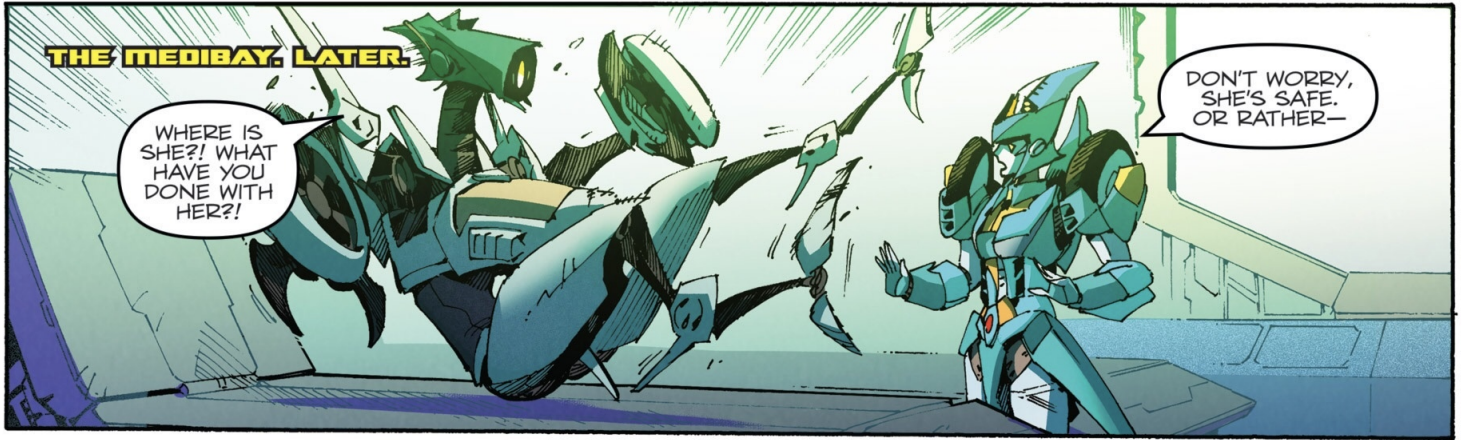


I AM SO SORRY. HE HAD A WEAK ENERGEN SPRITZER TO CALM HIS NERVES AND IT'S MADE HIM VERY... AFFECTIONATE.

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE: IF YOU CAN ENDURE *THAT* WITHOUT SURRENDERING TO YOUR MURDEROUS IMPULSES YOU *KNOW* YOU'RE A CHANGED CHARACTER.

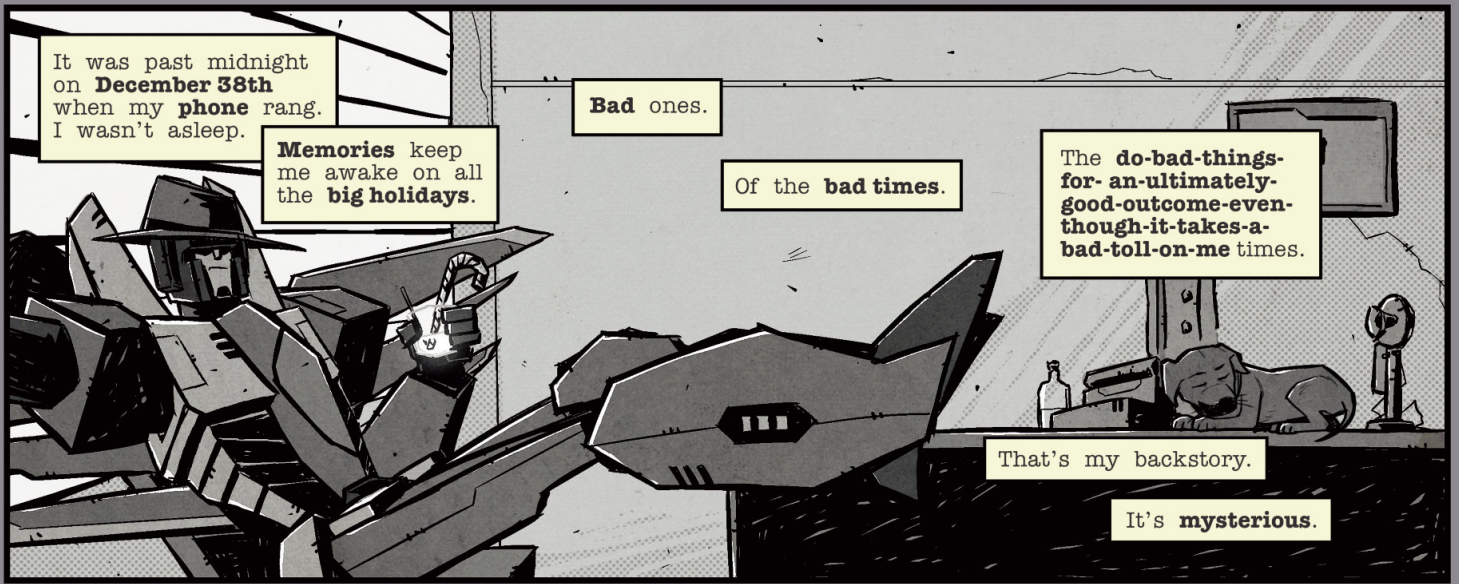
ALL OF YOU! GET-TO-YOUR-B.E.D.S—











It was past midnight on **December 38th** when my **phone** rang. I wasn't asleep.

Memories keep me awake on all the **big holidays**.

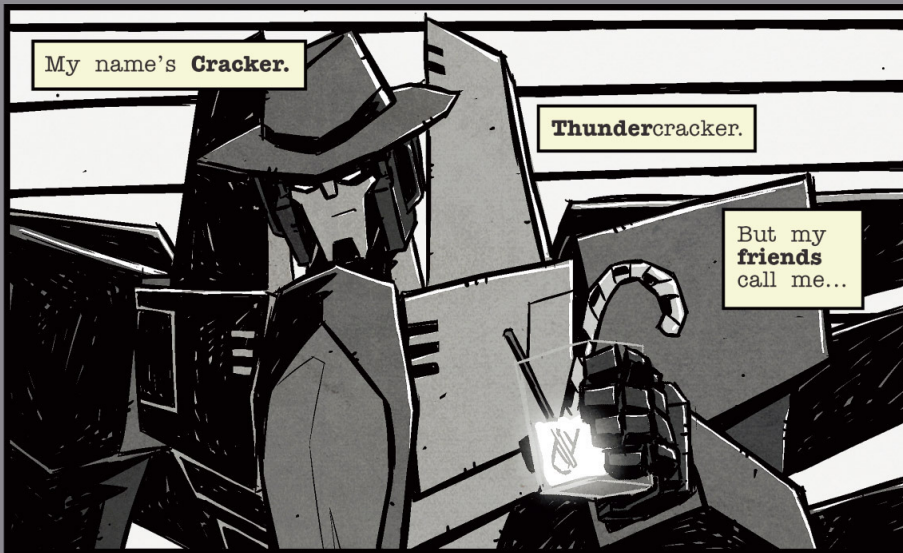
Bad ones.

Of the **bad times**.

The **do-bad-things-for-an-ultimately-good-outcome-even-though-it-takes-a-bad-toll-on-me** times.

That's my backstory.

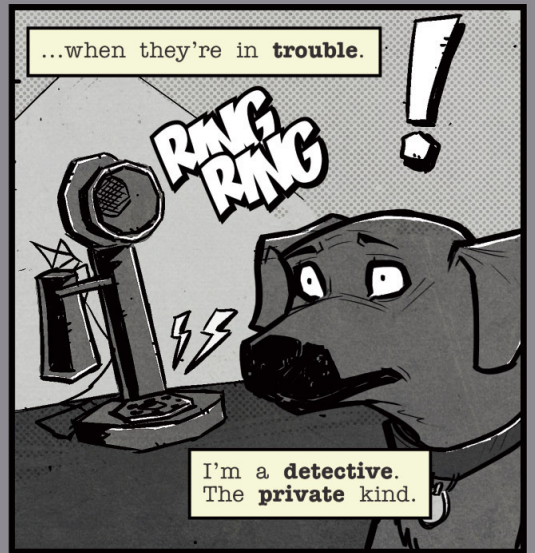
It's **mysterious**.



My name's **Cracker**.

Thundercracker.

But my **friends** call me...



...when they're in **trouble**.

I'm a **detective**. The **private** kind.



And not one of those ones like in **real life**, where I'd just sneak around taking **pictures** and probably do a lot of **paperwork**.

I'm like the ones in the **movies**, where I have to jump out of **exploding buildings** and my last **best friend** just **betrayed** me.



I expect the **worst**.

And I'm never disappointed.

WHO DIED?

...

I'M ON MY WAY.



WOOF.

Buster was right.

This was **gonna** be a **long night**.



Her name was **Anna Log**.

That's **Director Log** to you and me.

She was in charge of keeping the **peace** in an out-of-the-way **little place** where a **couple people** live.

Maybe you heard of the place?

They call it... **planet Earth**.

Who'd want her dead?



WOOF.

Buster was right. Who **wouldn't**?



But the **beat cop** had a **clue**.

The **security camera** got a shot of the **perp**.

WOOF.

Buster was right. The **perp** got a **shot** at Director Log.

The **bad** kind of shot.



GASP—IT **CAN'T** BE! NOT HIM!

GASP—I ALWAYS **THOUGHT**—

JOLLY OLD SAINT **NICK**.

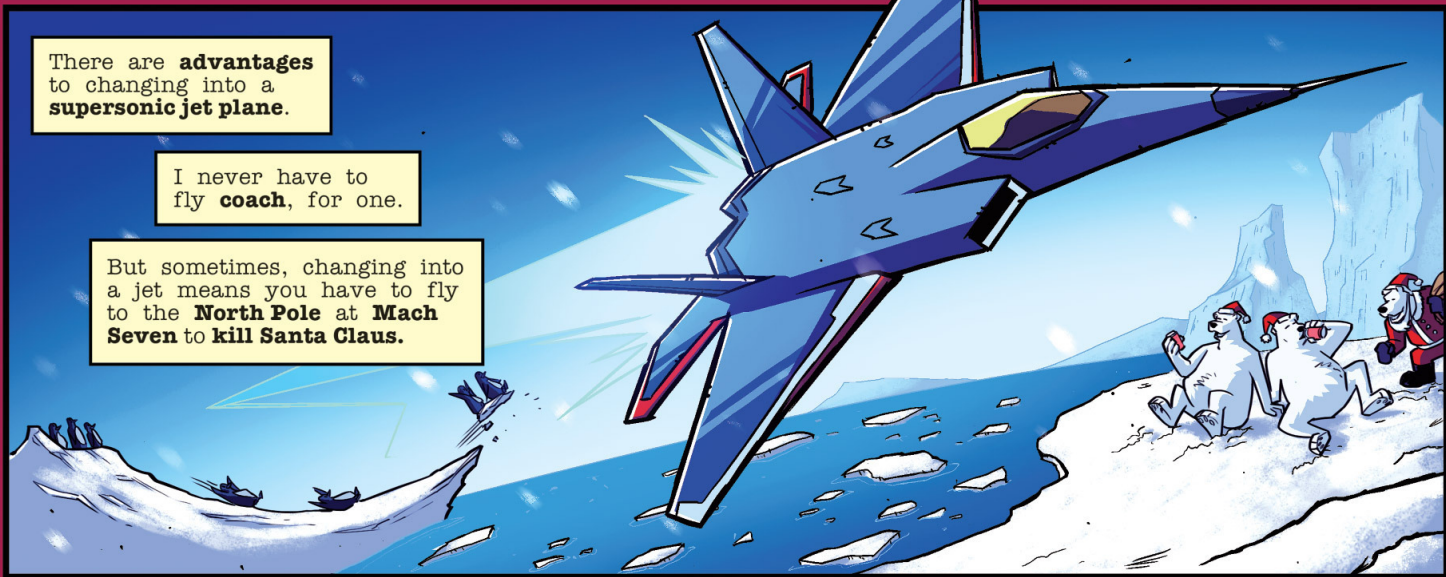
JUST GOES TO **SHOW** YOU.



LIFE'S **COLORBLIND**.

THERE'S NO **RED** AND **GREEN**.

ONLY **SHADES** OF **GRAY**.



There are **advantages** to changing into a **supersonic jet plane**.

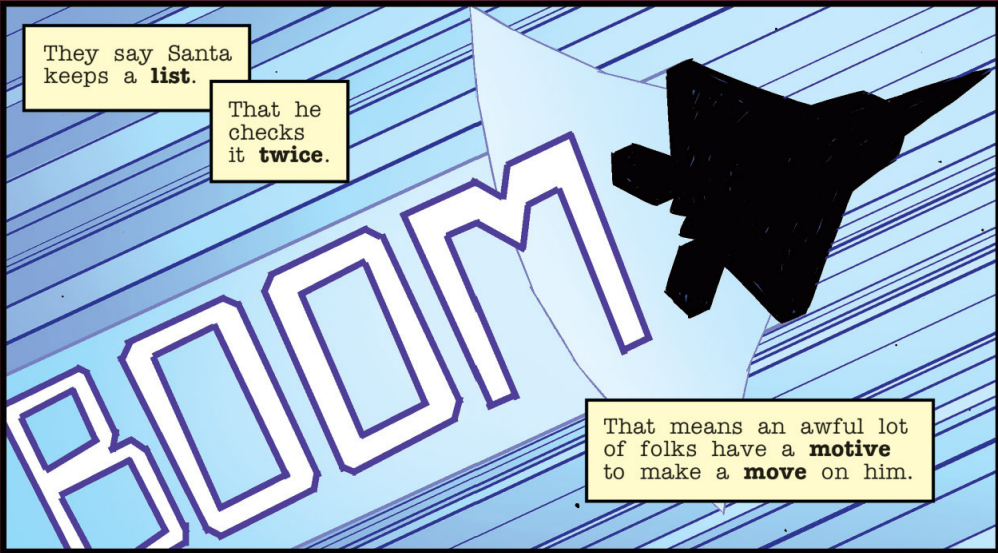
I never have to fly **coach**, for one.

But sometimes, changing into a jet means you have to fly to the **North Pole** at **Mach Seven** to **kill Santa Claus**.



WOOF.

Buster's right. It's a **raw deal**.



They say Santa keeps a **list**.

That he checks it **twice**.

That means an awful lot of folks have a **motive** to make a **move** on him.



So **Santa's Citadel** is the most heavily guarded fortress in the **galaxy**.

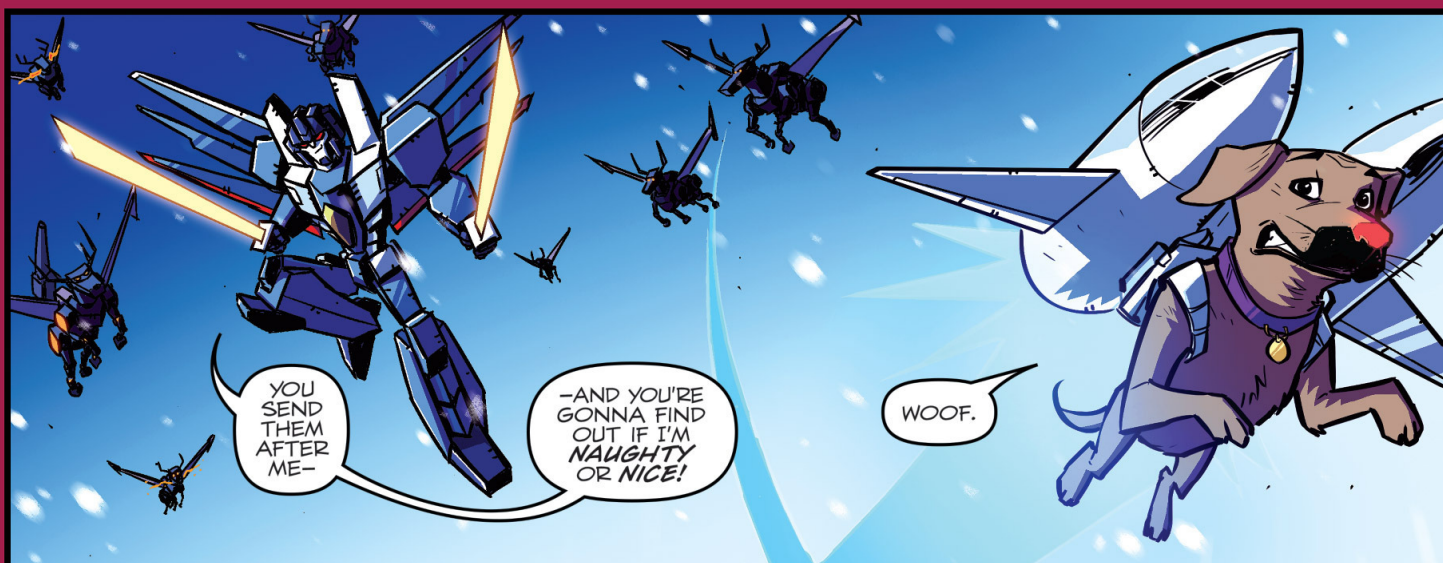
That's why the **five-ohs** called me.

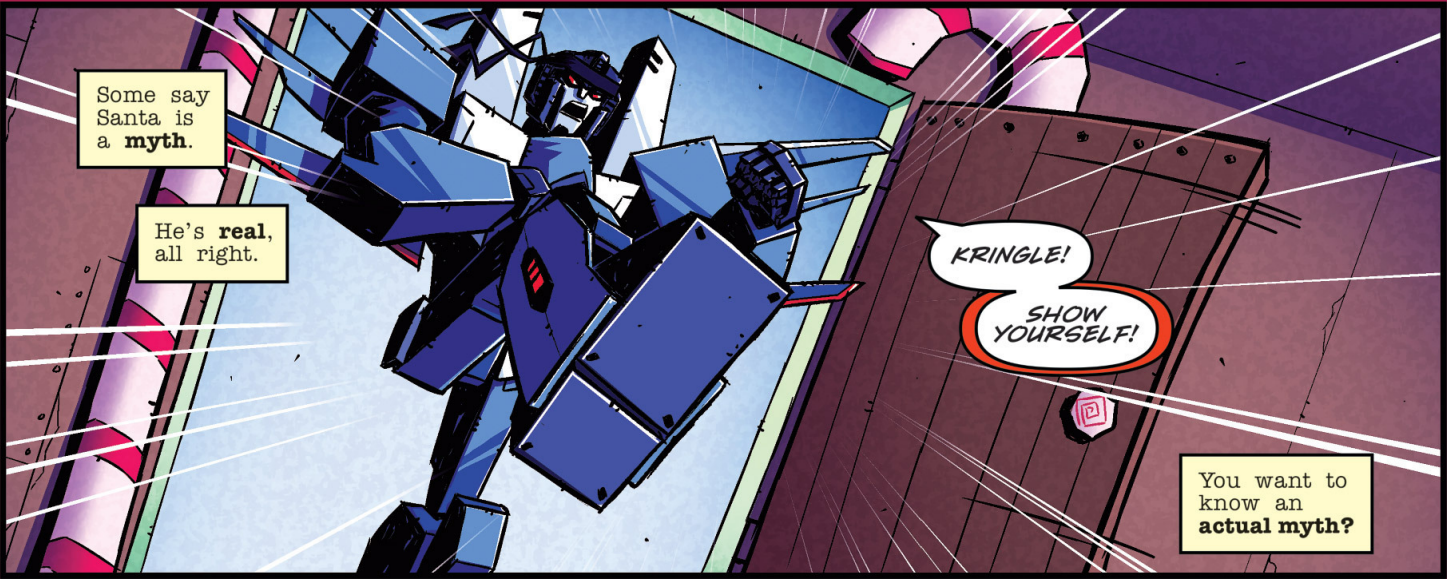


WOOF.

Buster's right. They called **us**.

When her **nose** glows it means one thing...





Some say Santa is a **myth**.

He's **real**, all right.

KRINGLE!

SHOW YOURSELF!

You want to know an **actual myth**?



They say he's **fat**.

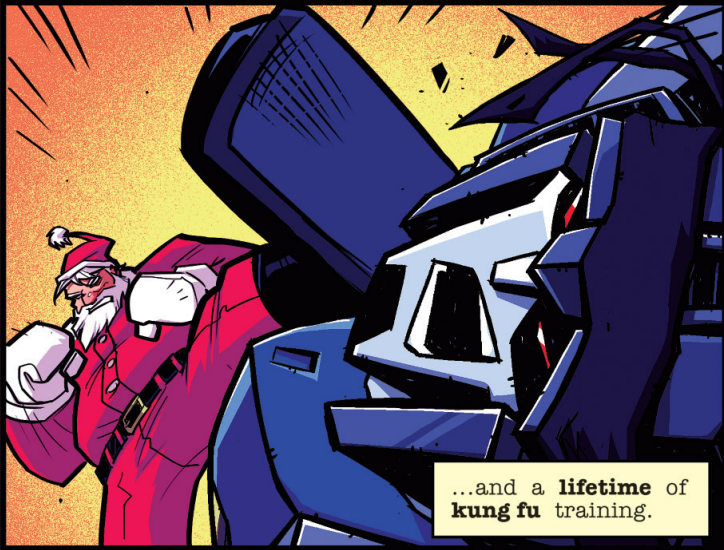
A right **jolly** old elf.

Well, he's **not**.

It's not fat.

It's **muscle**.

Muscle...



...and a **lifetime** of kung fu training.



A human life lasts what, 200, **300** years?

I don't know. Not long, **whatever** it is.



Santa's been around the block a few times. But **me**?

I've been fighting nonstop for **four million years**.



Muscle's **fine**.

WHY'D YOU DO IT, FATHER CHRISTMAS?

I'm **heavy metal**.



SHE WAS TRYING TO **PROTECT** THE PLANET.

IT WASN'T ME.

NO...



...IT WAS ME.
MEGATRON.



MEGATRON!

OF COURSE. YOU LIKE TO
CONQUER
STUFF.

DIRECTOR
LOG WOULD STOP
YOU FROM
CONQUERING STUFF
ON **EARTH.**

IT ALL
ADDS UP.

WOOF.



Buster was right.
It all adds up
but one thing.

WHY
SANTA?



YOU **NEVER**
UNDERSTOOD,
THUNDERCRACKER.

IT WASN'T
ABOUT
EARTH.
OR **HER.**

IT'S
ABOUT
THIS.



WHAT'S
IN IT?

WHAT'S
IN THE
BOX?!

THE
WORST
THING.

ALL I WANTED
WAS **FREEDOM**
FOR MY PEOPLE.
SO I **SQUISH**
SOME **ORGANICS,**
SO WHAT? DO I
DESERVE—

